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NIGHT ON THE HILL.

Come, tell me tales, my shepherd, of
the hill,
Of the lone valleys, sighing in the
night;
My heart is faint, and desolate, and
chill,
And dreads the light.
I would remember shadows and gray
trees,
And the faint stir of tendrils in pale
gloom;
To-night I lie down like a weary child,
And want no light left burning in the
room.

I am full wearied of the shine and sun,
The hard bright days that fall like
hammers' sound;
The flowers are harsh, birds shrill, till
day is done;
And the ceaseless round
Of garish tasks is like some flaunting
wheel
That, ever turning, tears the weary
eyes;
I would seek great cold stars, and
feel
The infinite composes of the skies.

Come, tell me how the Dark comes
down the hill
Sweeping the daisies underneath her
gown,
Tell how the gurgling stream takes all
its fill
Of sweetness, running down
As it were some thin fragrance through
the gloom,
Speeding towards the velvet valley's
bed,
Till all the wind sways in the soft per-
fume
And every curtained lily hangs its
head.

How silently the stars thread through
the sky!
How lone and vast the world looms
from the hill!
Wide the low Moon uplifts her pallid
eye,
And the sheep lie still;
And in the darkness stirs a soft, sweet
breath

That is not earth or heaven, or day or
night:

Some loosed spirit in the arms of
Death

Lifting its pinions for the first long
flight.

A. G. H.

The Academy.

AFTER THE VISIT.

Come again to the place
Where your presence was as a waft
that skims
Down a drouthy way whose ascent be-
dimes
The bloom on the farer's face.

Come again, with the feet
That were light on the lawn as a this-
tledown ball,
And those mute ministrations to one
and to all,
Beyond the tongue's saying sweet.

Until then the faint scent
Of the bordering flowers swam un-
heeded away,
And I marked not the charm in the
changes of day
As the cloud-shadows came and went.

Through the dusk corridors
Your walk was so soundless I did not
know
Your form from a phantom's of long
ago
Said to glide on the ancient floors,

Till you drew from the shade,
And I saw the great luminous living
eyes
Regard me in fixed inquiring-wise,
Even as those of a soul that weighed

Scarce consciously
The eternal question of what Life
was,
And why we were there, and what sad
strange laws
Made us crave that which could not
be!

Thomas Hardy.

The Spectator.

WHAT DOES INDIA WANT POLITICALLY? *

I.

That India is profoundly agitated and that the agitation is almost wholly political are to-day established facts which need no demonstration. Of course, it has to be readily conceded that all Hindostan is not in a political ferment; it is only educated India that is agitating for governmental change. The masses may be feeling the pinch of poverty and may be economically distressed, but, as a rule, they are ignorant of the political issues, and are not directly engaged in waging a war for securing administrative concessions and reforms from the English. The educated community in India, however, though in the minority when compared with the unlettered masses, is by no means a negligible quantity. For one thing, despite all aspersions, the educated Indians are the natural leaders of their unenlightened countrymen. What the enlightened East-Indian thinks to-day his uneducated *confrère* is apt to think to-morrow. Moreover, slowly but steadily the ranks of the illiterates are being thinned and those of the educated augmented; and all educated Indians, of whatever religion, caste, or race, seem to have one factor in common—a desire for the political advancement of Hindostan. Naturally, it is to-day pertinent to ask: Just what does educated India want politically? The question is all the more appropriate in view of the fact that some of the East-Indians have gone to the length of making and throwing bombs when frenzied because of their political demands not being fairly fulfilled.

Speaking conservatively, every East-Indian capable of reading current literature is more or less an animated being. He is by no means the embodiment of nirvana—the nirvana that is the synonym of death, of ignominious

fatalism. Within the breast of this man rage passions. His face may not betray what fights are being fought in his inner consciousness; but do not mistake him to be unconscious or dead. He is alive—very much so. The passions that rage within him are not concerned merely with his individual uplift. Some of them, the more important of them, concern the community, the caste, the denomination if he is narrow-minded, or the nation if he is liberal and wide-horizoned. Invariably this man has political aspirations. The Indian educated community is vibrating with political longings, and no East-Indian is minus such desires, no matter how weak and undynamic these longings may be.

What does educated India want politically? No single answer is possible. The enlightened Indians are themselves full of vim and energy, and they are handling live issues; necessarily, therefore, all of them are not agreed on just what they want politically. A perfect agreement would be indicative of their lack of earnestness, since different elements enter into the personal make-up of the different East-Indians, and these elements, in many cases, are essentially heterogeneous. Furthermore, these men, with their chequered racial pasts and their diversified temperaments, never yet have been subjected to crucial experiences of a terror-striking nature that would merge their individualities into a communal entity. During the last century, at least, no outside attack has threatened their civil life and united them to expel the common foe. Even their home affairs have been handled by an alien people, and the Indians have not had the sobering experiences of give and take which are the most pronounced features of political life, and probably the most active agents

that coalesce unhomogeneous individuals into a community athrob with the same governmental passions. For these reasons it is by no means a reflection on the educated Indians to say that they are divided as to their political planks.

Until a short time ago nearly all educated East-Indians were as one as to what they were seeking politically. They aspired to an autonomous India under the ægis of the English. Their highest ambition was to agitate and work to secure for Hindostan the same status in the British Empire that is enjoyed by Great Britain's Colonies in various parts of the world. But since Japan's successful fight with Russia, and the consequent Asiatic awakening, the ambitions of some of the educated Indians have commenced to soar higher. An important section of enlightened natives now seek not only self-government under the tutelage of the English, but an independent India, governed by and in the interests of its own people, left absolutely unfettered to develop its own national civilization according to its own peculiar tastes and genius. Thus at present there are two political schools in India. Both are aiming for the abolition of the Indian administration as it is to-day conducted—"British Bureaucracy," they aptly term it—and for the installation of a popular rule in the land. But while one division of the political workers, popularly known as "Moderate," demands a representative administration without sundering the country's bonds from the British Empire, the other section, the so-called "Extremist," is anxious to work toward the day when it will be possible to cast aside the alien crutches upon which the "Moderates" desire to continue leaning indefinitely.

While the "Extremists" wish Hindostan to be rid of the English, they want this sloughing-off process to take its

natural course. They are all agreed to use no "unconstitutional" weapons in the fight that is to render the land independent of the British. In fact, they do not at all believe in warfare. It is an evolutionary process that is to enable Hindostan to outgrow the necessity of leaning upon foreign support; and for this reason the use of force or doubtful means to effect the freedom of the country is absolutely indicted.

There is a division of East-Indians, however, that goes farther than the "Extremist" or "Moderate." This political party is of the faith that England is in Hindostan for the purpose of exploiting it. This section of East-Indians is dead set against the so-called exploitation of the land by the aliens, and since the Britisher, according to their notion, is ruthlessly robbing the country, they advocate the freeing of India by any means, no matter how questionable. In fact, it is considered meritorious to overcome oppression by hook or crook, while non-resistance is denounced. This Indian party makes and throws bombs at the English officials and their relatives, and justifies political assassination. East-Indians of such persuasion are called by some "Nationalists," and by others "Nihilists," "Terrorists," and "Anarchists."

Political fanaticism that expresses itself in bomb-throwing is not an inherent trait in the Hindu. He has been taught by religion and tradition to be the antithesis of the terrorist. Nihilism is something the Hindu has learned from the Occidental. It is only during very recent years that the bomb movement has been inaugurated in Hindostan. Naturally, the number of those who advocate the freeing of their country from the foreign yoke, by any means, fair or foul, is extremely limited.

Even the ranks of those East-Indians who are working by peaceful methods for India's gradual liberation from the

grip of the British are not well filled. Whatever the intrinsic merits or demerits of such an ideal, it is necessarily a remote goal, something far removed from the possibilities of the present or even the near future. There is a certain enchantment about this prospect, an allurements that all distant aims possess. For this reason those Indians who are emotionally inclined drift naturally toward this end. But the larger bulk of educated Indians, gifted with an eye for the practical, take for granted the British supremacy in India, and bend their efforts toward slowly coming into virtual control of the administration. Such East-Indians, therefore, belong to the "Moderate" party.

Broadly speaking, the religious or racial bias does not deflect the enlightened Indian from entertaining this vision of an autonomous India under British suzerainty. Of course, there is a rift between the Hindus and Mahomedans, the two largest sections, which comprise nearly all of the 300,000,000 of East-Indians, the Mahomedan being in the minority, there being four Hindus to every Moslem. While the educated Hindus and Mahomedans have separate political leagues and associations, while they have not come to realize that there exists between them a community of interest, and while they are, therefore, clamoring for preferential political treatment, still both the sects are working toward the same goal—Indian self-government under the ægis of the British. The Hindu may permit himself to be labelled a "Moderate"; the Mahomedan may not countenance being thus tagged; but the political aspirations of the two, upon being closely analyzed, present no material differences—both are anxious for the Indian to come into his own heritage, and, as a general rule, they are not in favor of sundering the British bonds.

In a word, a careful survey of East-Indian aspirations discloses three

facts: First, the agitation is not local; it is India wide: all provinces in all parts of the country have given birth to the agitator and show unmistakable signs of "unrest." Second, the agitation is not merely one—denominational. It is not the Hindu alone who seeks self-government, but the Mahomedan as well. The way in which the two go about agitating may not be identical; the volume of agitation amongst the two may not measure the same; but it is, nevertheless, true that the Hindu and Mahomedan educated communities alike are desirous of self-government, and are fast tending toward that direction. Third, barring a negligible quantity of Indian irreconcilables, all East-Indian politicians are aspiring for self-rule under the protecting wing of Great Britain, and they are in favor of working in a peaceful, legitimate manner to secure the desired change in the constitution of their government.

The liberal tendencies of England appear to be in favor of gradually substituting the native in place of the foreign administration of Hindostan. The appointment of a Hindu to the Supreme Executive Council in India,¹ and of one Hindu and one Mahomedan to the Secretary of State for India's Council in England, and the recent enactment of the Indian Councils Bill of 1909, otherwise known as Lord Morley's Reform Scheme, which gives the majorities in the provincial councils of India to East-Indians, and also concedes some effective power in the Supreme Legislative Council of India, are unmistakable evidences of liberal England's desire to treat sympathetically the Indian aspirations for self-government.

While Lord Morley's reform scheme has been gratefully received in India, it very partially fulfils the ambitions of even the "Moderates" who are working for Indian autonomy under British su-

¹ Since resigned. — (Ed., F. R.)

premaey. It has been accepted as only an initial installment and not a complete and final fulfilment of the Indian desire for self-government. Educated India's attitude in regard to the changes initiated simply is: "Half a loaf is better than no bread." While this half-loaf has gone some way to allay the political unrest that has been India's characteristic feature during the last few years, it has not removed all the grievances of East-Indians and set their agitation at rest. So long as they do not receive the whole loaf, they will keep up their murmurings.

The Englishman claims that his chariness to install Indians in the highest governmental positions has been inspired by the kindest of motives—unselfishness. He professes to shoulder "the white man's burden" in India at great personal sacrifice, and ascribes his hesitancy to let the Indian replace him to the fear that the brown man's inefficiency to manage his estate wisely might involve the people of India in trouble and retard their progress. Actuated by such feelings, hitherto the policy of the English rulers has been to give the highest posts in the Government service to their own countrymen and reserve the lower ranks for Indians. There are thirteen hundred and seventy positions carrying annual salaries of more than four thousand dollars. Only ninety-two of these posts are held by natives of India; fifteen of these are held by Eurasians, the rest, twelve hundred and sixty-three, being held by Englishmen. While there are sixty-five hundred Englishmen in the employ of the Government in the civil departments and seventy thousand in the military department, there are one million four hundred thousand and one one hundred and sixty thousand natives, respectively, in the civil and military departments. But while hundreds of thousands of natives receive a miserable pittance of two dollars or

three dollars a month, there is no Britisher who receives less than thirty dollars or forty dollars a month. In fact, despite the largeness of the numbers employed, it is doubtful if the Government bill for its native employees equals that of its foreign servants. It is this state of affairs that has brought discontent into existence in India. The only way in which this disaffection can be effectually removed does not lie in admitting East-Indians into the higher Governmental appointments through a back door, but in throwing wide open the front gate so that, contrary to the present practice, the majority of the best-salaried positions will be held by the natives of the soil.

The highest posts in the administration not only mean the highest pay, they also mean that their occupants have the highest powers. As it is, all the executive authority is vested in the hands of Englishmen. Considered from the view-point of salary, the natives of India are mere drawers of water and hewers of wood: regarded from the standpoint of exercising control over their own affairs, the Indians are little better than slaves. The laws are made for the people of Hindostan by the English, the natives having a limited share in the law-making, even under the neo-Morleyan reform scheme. The taxes are levied on the Indians by the English, the people of India having no voice in the taxation. The finances of Hindostan are spent by the English without the Indians exercising any control over their revenue which they have paid into the Government treasury. The Indians do not have anything to say about their tariff. Even the universities of Hindostan are Governmental affairs, in which the native is practically unrepresented.

It is the virtual reversal of this state of affairs for which the East-Indian is agitating. Indian autonomy essentially means this: and the agitation in India

is fated to continue so long as the majority of the Governmental positions carrying the higher salaries and the executive, administrative, and financial authority are not held by the natives of the land. Educated Indians urge that they are capable of efficiently discharging the duties connected with the responsible Governmental positions. The controversy about Indian autonomy rages around this claim. Plainly interpreted, India's political aspirations mean the substitution of native in lieu of the present-day alien administrative agency, East-Indians not objecting to run their Government under the guidance of the British.

II.

To aspire for an object is one thing; to deserve it is another. The question is not alone, "What does India want politically?" but also, "What are its claims for seeking the satisfaction of its political desires?" If the contingency should be realized that Great Britain be willing to give educated Indians just what they are agitating for, would they be able to manage efficiently India's Governmental affairs with the co-operation of the English?

A careful examination of the annals of the land is bound to convince a thinking person that this query should be answered in the affirmative. In days gone by Indians possessed admirable genius for administering their Governmental affairs. But if it be considered that, through a turn of the wheel of Fate, the natives of Hindostan irredeemably lost the capability for even a *partial* self rule, it is only necessary to turn to the up-to-date native States of India to find a reply to the question: "Are Indians capable of efficiently filling the higher ranks in the Government of British India?"

The State of Baroda will serve as an example, for its ruler, the Gaekwar, is an enlightened and travelled man and

intensely interested in the uplift of his subjects. He has associated with himself capable Indians to help him advance the interests of those who are under his rule. The State of Baroda is a part of the Central-Indian Agency, and has a population of two million, roughly speaking. The revenue of the State amounts to about five million dollars a year. The State is not large, but it is regarded all over India as a model State, for the ruler of Baroda, with the help of his Ministers, has, during recent years, carried out reforms such as separating the judicial from the executive functions; restoring the ancient system of local self-government in the form of the village communities; instituting compulsory primary education throughout the State; reforming the method of electing members of the Legislative Council; raising the age of marriage and consent; founding scholarships for industrial students to be sent abroad; and encouraging agriculture, industries, and art.

It is easy to understand why this State is dear to the Indian heart when it is considered that, in introducing these measures, the Gaekwar is not copying the men who administer British India, but, on the contrary, he is setting the pace for the English. In British India the same magistrate has the power to arrest a man and sit in judgment over him—that is to say, the executive and judicial functions are not separated, as in the case of other civilized countries. While in British India the administration expends less than five dollars per one thousand of population for education, the Gaekwar of Baroda spends five dollars on every fifty-five of his subjects. While in British India one out of four villages has a schoolhouse, one million four hundred and eighty-one out of the two million subjects of the Maharajah Gaekwar have within their reach excellent school facilities. While in British In-

dia the Englishmen are still engaged in academic discussions regarding the Indians' ability to govern themselves, the Gaekwar has revived the old Hindu custom of government by the village *Panchayat*—village community—and thereby has afforded his people the opportunity to develop their capabilities for self-government by exercising their faculties in that direction.

Besides the reforms mentioned above, a model experimental farm has been established in Baroda. Here experiments are made with artificial manures and others that are locally available in abundance. Seeds of different kinds of cotton, tobacco, oil-seeds, and food-stuffs, imported from various countries, are distributed free to the agriculturists. This has proved most beneficial both to the cultivators as individuals and the country in general. Travelling instructors are appointed, who go from village to village educating farmers in practical agriculture conducted along modern lines, encouraging the agriculturists to give up the old time-worn ways which to-day are found throughout Hindostan. One travelling instructor induced twenty-eight farmers to try forty plots with different crops, and as a result new crops have sprung up in the land which promise to become the staple products of the district. As a result of the agricultural awakening brought about through the efforts of the Gaekwar an agricultural association has been formed. The first agricultural show was held in March, 1907, an exhibition of implements and produce, the results of lessons learned from the Occident combined with the native skill of the Indian cultivator. The cotton-seed oil industry in Baroda is also showing favorable signs of progress.

A sanitary commissioner travels about through Baroda and delivers lectures on various sanitary subjects. Orphanages are conducted by the State,

and girls and boys, when they reach the marriageable age, are married to members of their caste at the expense of the State. These orphans are taught useful occupations, such as tailoring, carpentry, shoemaking, laundry work, weaving, sewing, and drawing. In the different girls' schools of the State, embroidery, drawing, practical cooking, and music are taught. In all the schools and kindergartens plain needlework is taught with materials supplied free by the State. Special classes for grown women have been established. These classes are held every afternoon for three hours, and writing, reading, keeping domestic accounts, needlework, and embroidery are taught. Special provision is made by the State to give instruction in pictorial art, architecture, mechanics, technology, chemical technology, weaving, watch-making, pedagogy, and commercial branches; and an evening school for artisans is accomplishing useful work. Sixty-one spinning factories, two weaving-mills, four dyeing factories, fifteen pumping-stations, one sugar-mill, and one State bank have been established in Baroda, largely through the instrumentality of the Maharajah, who is a firm believer in State patronage and encouragement of industries and business.

In addition to inaugurating reforms, the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda is an exemplar, and his example, even more than his beneficent reforms, is inspiring and elevating to his people. The Maharajah is the First Gentleman of India, and his royal consort, the Maharani, is the First Lady of the Land. She is an emancipated, modernized woman, and helps her royal husband in his work for the welfare of the State. With her aid the Maharajah has instituted many social reforms. The seclusion of women has been done away with; the fabric of caste has been nearly torn to pieces. The State of Baroda counts more educated women

than the same area in any part of British India.

There are native States in India other than Baroda which are efficiently managed by the native Princes and their aides. The fact that East-Indians are rapidly developing themselves under the guidance of native rulers and their native co-operators is a significant proof of the fact that the Indian, in the face of the popular belief to the contrary, is not a mere blockhead who must perforce fill a secondary position. Combined with this is the fact that the Indians in British India are showing marvellous activity and wisdom in not only organizing campaigns for political, but also for social and industrial betterment. During the last few years a momentous change has taken place in the character of the educated native. He has grown manly and desirous of depending upon his own initiative. With this end in view, he has commenced to gather together his resources and make a good display of them. He has already established a network of schools and colleges which are run on independent lines, some of them with the aid of the Government, many others organized and conducted on the principle of "the gods help those who help themselves." Such scholastic institutions, "National Schools," as they are called, are fast becoming the order of the day, and are rapidly gaining in prominence. So well are they distributed in different portions of India, and so ably are they conducted, that they are gaining votaries day by day, and are proving a great power in the land. Simultaneously with the educational work, the natives of Hindostan are devoting attention to the physical improvement of the race. Gymnasiums are springing up overnight, especially in Bengal, and the youths are being drilled. The beneficence of such a work found a place in

The Fortnightly Review.

tical demonstration a few months ago. Several hundred Bengali youths formed themselves into volunteer corps under capable directors and rendered invaluable aid to the millions of pilgrims who poured into Calcutta on the festive occasion of the *Ardhodya Yoga* to bathe in the Hooghli River. Those who saw the work of the volunteers did not carry away any doubt in their minds as to whether or not India is capable of shouldering at least the larger bulk of its government.

Social, educational, industrial, and political organizations initiated and conducted by the natives of India have for many decades been giving East-Indians increased capability to govern themselves. Tutelage to England, too, must have increased their capacity to administer their own affairs; for the Englishmen have iterated and reiterated that they were in India for the purpose of training the natives to look after their own affairs. A wave of democracy to-day is dashing against the entire Orient, and this of necessity must increase the desire of the East-Indians for an autonomous government. One hundred and sixty-two thousand public and private scholastic institutions are leavening five million, five hundred thousand Indian pupils with a desire to rise superior to playing second fiddle to the foreigner. Each day sees the longing for a rule in which the natives shall take the most prominent part become more intensified. Each night witnesses the educated Indian coming into a more reliant realization of his ability to govern. In the past few years the native of India has cast aside his abject, slavish state of mind. To-day the slogan of Hindostan no longer is "Good government." The banner around which the Indians are increasingly gathering is "Self-government."

Saint Nihal Singh.

(Author of "India at the Dawn of a New Era," "Essays on India," &c.)

MIDDLE-CLASS LIFE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The ordinary events of an everyday life do not, as they occur, seem to be of sufficient importance to deserve a record, and so it comes about that very few diaries have descended to us which afford a picture of middle-class life in past centuries. Nor is the material upon which this sketch of the family life of a well-to-do village squire is based in the form of a diary. But some two hundred years ago one Francis Taylor, a man possessed of some little property, commenced a new account-book, which he headed "Extraordinary Book in my own Concernes," and he entered in it his household accounts with such minute accuracy that it is possible by a study of the entries to learn a great deal about the usual family life, particularly as he enlivened it by many comments, some, but not all, of which express dissatisfaction with the transactions recorded. Francis Taylor lived upon his own property in the village of South Littleton, some three and a-half miles from Evesham, managing it and farming a part of it himself, and besides this he acted as the trusted agent of Lord Coventry. As he took no part in politics and lived the quiet life of a country gentleman there are no stirring events to record of his career. Indeed, the only public appointment which he is known to have held was that of Receiver-General for the County and City of Worcester. In the first year of the reign of William and Mary a levy was made of one shilling in the pound in order to provide them with funds for the defence of their kingdom, and Mr. Taylor on his appointment had to sign a bond for 7,050*l.*, a large amount for those days, for the proper performance of his duties; this is endorsed as discharged, so no doubt he did perform them to the satisfaction of the authorities.

These Receiver-Generals were offices much sought for as being very profitable, though the bond and deed of appointment give no clue to any form of remuneration; and it is a little remarkable that he should have been appointed, as his brother, of whom more anon, was a well-known adherent of King James the Second.

At the time of the opening of the new account-book (1708) Francis Taylor was a widower with five surviving children—two sons, who were at school at Coventry, and three daughters, just grown up, who were at home. No doubt the sons must have been sent to one of the endowed grammar-schools, as the cost of their schooling was extraordinarily small, the entries being: "For half a yeares schooling of my 2 sons, 02:00:00." All of the entries are made in this form, with the 0's written in for the missing pounds, shillings, and pence, but it will be needless to repeat these lengthy entries in each case where amounts are cited. The boys did not board at the school, for we find that one Mr. Grasson, of Coventry, was paid 9*l.* "for half a yeare's tabling of my two sons." But in addition to these payments it was Mr. Taylor's habit to send to their schoolmaster "a guinie for a New Yeare's gift," and to Mr. Grasson a turkey and a chine of bacon. At the age of sixteen the elder son, Frank, was sent to Oxford, to University, of which college Dr. Charlett, a near relation, was then Master. A charge paid for a letter to Oxford has appended to it a note of its contents. It was to ask "If my son Frank may be in his (Dr. Charlett's) lodgings or may have a chamber of his own and may learn Greek, Hebrew, and Mathematicks." When Frank went there "to continue as a commoner" he was given 8*l.*, and later in his first term he was

sent another 12*l*. As no other mention is made of his expenses there it may be concluded that his college fees were paid out of this as well as his living expenses, so that an Oxford education in those days could not have been very costly. He took his degree, for a book-plate of his is extant bearing his arms and "A.M. University Coll. Oxon"; and he seems to have profited by his education and to have acquired literary tastes, for after his death in 1748 the valuation of his books cost 5*l*. 5*s*. and their carriage to London for sale 5*l*. 14*s*., but there is no trace of the amount which they realized. Notwithstanding his literary tastes, however, our only other glimpse of him is strange and unworthy. For a letter exists in which his rector is complaining that, though very well off, he does not pay his tithes, and then goes on to say:

There is no coming to ye speech of this gentleman, who through a strange turn of mind hath forsaken his own habitation, living at one public house or another in different towns, but Chiefly at a Carrier's Inn at Worcester. Evidently he died at an inn somewhere not very far away, for 7*s*. 6*d*. was paid for bringing his body to Littleton for burial.

Though the younger brother was not sent to Oxford his after-career was more satisfactory: he went to the Bar, became Recorder of Evesham, and represented that borough in Parliament for a good many years. Of the daughters and their ways of life something, but not very much, can be learnt. The eldest, Judith, seems to have been a favorite of Lady Coventry, who made her a present of twenty-five yards of silk, the carriage of which from London was paid for and entered in the accounts. But she had a short life. In July 1710 she rode to Banbury to join a "flying coach" for London, their man and two horses putting up at Banbury for the night. On the 4th of September two

letters arrived at Littleton, one from a Mr. Oades, with whom she was staying, and another from a doctor, "of my daughter Judith is ill of ye small pox," and ten days later three more letters "concerning dangerous illness and of her death."

Like all the literature of the time these books bring home to us what a frightful scourge small-pox was. In the same years a man is paid for riding to Coventry "to see my son Frank ill of ye small pox," while a little later the youngest daughter was sent away for six weeks on account of small-pox in the village, and paid 1*l*. 6*s*. 6*d*. for six weeks' "tabling" to the wife of their apothecary in Evesham, with whom she stayed. And yet again, only a year later, this same daughter Nancy is sent away for the same reason; but the elder surviving daughter, Betty, was not banished on either occasion, whence it is a fair inference that she must already have had the disease. It is also significant that ten shillings was thought enough to send to a woman who had nursed Frank through the small-pox.

Betty was the housekeeper, and the housekeeping money sometimes, but not always, passed through her hands, and there can be little doubt that the daughters did a good deal of work in the house. For at no time were more than two female servants kept, and this was a small number for the size of the house in which, at all events, in later years, they lived. And in some cases one of the two servants is described as a dairymaid, so that she was not altogether a house servant.

With the utmost regularity, at Lady Day and Michaelmas, we read "Pd to my daughters Betty and Nancy their half yeare's allowance, to each 50*s*. for finding them in cloathes, 5*l*." Judged by modern standards this does not seem much, but it had to do, even when there was an exceptional expense. For

after their sister Judith's death Betty and Nancy paid for mourning 12*l.* 19*s.*, which was met "as to 5*l.* out of their half yeare's allowance and as to 8*l.* out of money which Mr. Douglass gave them"; but who this Mr. Douglass who came to the rescue was we do not know.

The girls also busied themselves with fine needlework, silk for which was often purchased during their visits to London. And there remain three beautiful pieces of embroidery, two of which are in the writer's possession, as marks of their skill. These are upon linen, the whole ground being closely worked over with silk so as to resemble quilting, and upon this is a bold conventional pattern of leaves and flowers in various shades of yellow. They may have been intended as breadths of an embroidered petticoat over which a dress was to be looped, or they may have been for the dress itself. The third piece is nearly, but not quite, finished, and, almost pathetically, the threaded needle still lies in it. Can it be that it was Judith's work, and that after her untimely death in budding womanhood her sisters had not the heart to finish it? Another of Betty's occupations was learning French, in which for some time she took lessons from a lady at a cost of 6*l.* a year. But Nancy did not participate in these lessons, and somehow one gathers the impression that Nancy was a little overshadowed by Betty. At all events, a property was left to Betty on her father's death, but nothing was left to Nancy, who, however, may have been considered to have been provided for, as shortly after one of their visits to London she had married a "merchant of the City of London."

Betty did not marry until after her father's death, and then she married one John Tandy. Now, in the last two or three years of Francis Taylor's life the name of John Tandy appears as a man-servant engaged at 6*l.* a year, so

it is probable that she married their man-servant. However, there were some Tandys in the village possessed of a little property, yeoman farmers farming their own land, so John Tandy may have been of a class above that of the average servant. One may conjecture, too, that perhaps Betty was badly marked with small-pox and could not secure a husband of her own class.

The ladies of the family do not seem to have been invited to the houses where Francis Taylor dined, nor do they seem to have often been away from home. But there are entries which indicate their occasionally riding to Tewkesbury, Worcester, and other places in the neighborhood; and they on several occasions accompanied their father to London, where they did much shopping. Indeed, more than once these London visits were the occasion of some heartburnings to that precise account-keeper, who notes, "I find a want of about 2 guinees nor can imagining what should have become of it." And from time to time payments for letters indicate that one or other of the daughters was staying away with friends, so that, considering "ye exceeding badness of the roads" and the fact that the journeys were all made on horseback, no carriage being then kept, they perhaps moved about as much as could be expected. But it is quite certain that they did not go about as much as their fathers or their brothers, and we must picture them as making themselves generally useful at home, doing some of the housework, attending to household matters, and not reading much, as the only books of which purchases are recorded were dull works on divinity, but yet with time enough on their hands to do some fine needlework as a diversion.

Of Mr. Taylor's habits more traces are to be found. He was not a great sportsman, as powder and shot were bought in very small quantities at a

time, quantities more suggestive of scaring birds away from crops than of sport. But he once kept greyhounds, and thereby hangs a tale of disaster:

Pd to Jos. Beard of Longbarrow p. [=for] drenches p. my Mastive bitch 2 greyhounds and a greyhound whelp, there having a mad Dogge bin in my Cort 2 or 3 days since (tho I believe none of them were bit) p. fear of danger, 2s. Note: These drenches killed all my curious well conditioned Dogges to my very great grief p. which I wd not have taken 10 guineas.

Though Francis Taylor liked to get his money's worth, and was apt to have a grumble if he thought he had not done so, he was very far from being illiberal in his dealings, and to his habit of giving tips to everyone who did him the least service we owe the knowledge of where he went and what he did. He seems to have been in considerable request as a dinner guest, and was entertained by the leading people of the neighborhood. Thus we read: "At my Lord Lee's yt day Mr. Coventrye and myself dined there that day, to ye butler 2s. 6d." But this butler must have been an imposing person to have received so large a tip, and a more usual amount is recorded as "Expenses at Mr. Coventrye's at Hiltcote one night with my two sons, viz. to Mr. Townshend ye butler 12d., ye maid 6d., two grooms 6d. each." A dinner at Sir Anthony Craven's is noteworthy in that several ladies were present, which seems to have been unusual, at all events at those dinners where the names of the guests are recorded. But it was Sir Anthony's birthday, which may have made the difference; there the butler and the groom received 1s. each. At another dinner, where he met the High Sheriffs of two counties, he only gave the maid 2d., so it may be supposed that she did not please him, as this is quite the smallest tip recorded.

It is evident that dinners at inns were a form of entertainment much in vogue, for at these he was sometimes host and sometimes guest, and generally gave the maid 6d. and the groom the same.

It would have been interesting to know how much he entertained at his own house; but as this did not involve immediate out-of-pocket expenses the account-book bears no trace of such gatherings, except that now and again purchases of tobacco and pipes are earmarked as having been got for some particular guest.

When the family went to London they seem to have gone into lodgings, and not to an inn, and the lodgings were remarkably cheap. "To Mrs. Starkey for 7 weeks use of her chamber (tho not used all the time) at 4s. a week, to her maid 2s., 1l. 10s." could not have included board, which apparently must have been got at eating-houses, though on another occasion the entry is "To dyet, lodging and expenses in London 3½ weeks 3l. 3s. 5d." On one visit to London the daughters were left at home, and Mr. Taylor must have ridden all the way (100 miles), as his horses were put up in town.

The London bills give an insight into details of dress, as, although a good many things were bought from an alderman of Worcester, who was a relation, the more important purchases were reserved for the visits to town. Gold-handled swords, mourning swords, periwigs and full-bottomed wigs, the recurling thereof and powder for them, "drugget" suits and materials for dresses for the daughters, figure amongst the items set out, while the sale to a silversmith of "burnt silver gold lace" (*sic*) indicates that some little attention was given to appearance. But as no mention occurs of anything but materials for the daughters, Betty and Nancy most probably made their own dresses at home.

A liberal table was kept, and as a sample of the meals a dinner given at an earlier date, in fact at the christening of Betty, may be cited:

FIRST COURSE.

A Salmon melt and 2 carps boyled with small fish fried round ye dish

A loyn of veal royst

A pigeon ple

A carrot pudding

A piece of beef boyled with cabbage and boyled Pigg laid round about it And 2 dishes on side table p. remoles (viz. a legg of mutton boyled with Callowflowers and a quarter of lamb rost)

In the margin Francis Taylor notes of this last entry, "No need of this and might have bin saved."

SECOND COURSE.

A young Turkie rost

2 Ducks rost

A dish of pease

A dish of Tarts, Cheesecakes, custards, all in a dish with a Sillabub in ye middle

This was pretty substantial fare, though we do not know how many sat down to it. The butcher's bill, however, for one year was large for a family which usually consisted of only six persons in the house, as no less than 1,400 pounds of beef and mutton were consumed; but there is internal evidence that at times, at all events, the laborers were fed, as there is a large increase in the amounts purchased at harvest time and at sheep-shearing time; and it is also noted that a carpenter and his son, who were engaged at a dally wage to build a boat for use on the river Avon (which ran through a part of the property), were given "dyett." Sometimes, too, fat sheep were killed at the house in addition to the butcher's meat bought, and these come to be recorded through Mr. Taylor's habit of entering their value "as to myself."

Once it was a sick fat sheep which

was killed, and this was sold in quarters to "ye poore" for 4s. 6d.; and similarly a fat cow, which had fallen into the moat and was drowned, was sold to the poor for 11s. 2d.

The expenditure upon bread was so small and occasional that obviously it was generally baked at home, where also the brewing of beer and the making of cider were carried on.

The consumption of wine was not large; it was always bought in bulk either at Worcester, Bristol or London, and was bottled at home, a good deal being put into pint bottles. Only three kinds of wine were bought—red and white port at prices varying from 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. the gallon, and Canary (sack) at 8s. the gallon.

Tea and coffee were very dear, and only small quantities were got at a time, such as "¼ pound Bohea 5s., ¼ pound green tea 4s., ¼ pound coffee 1s. 10d., all of ye best," whilst two tin teapots and a coffee-pot, each holding but ¼ pint, were had at the same time. Just about this period Elers was making in Staffordshire the beautifully fine red earthenware which bears his name, and his teapots commonly held somewhat less than half a pint.

Delicacies were sometimes bought, such as various kinds of fish, barrels of oysters, brandy for making cherry brandy, metheglin (a sweet wine made from honey), fat geese and giblets, and lampreys.

In Worcester at the present day the little lamperns which ascend the Severn in vast numbers at certain times of year are largely sold; but the lampreys bought by the Taylor family could not have been these, but must have been the large sea lamprey, as they cost as much as 8d. or 10d. each. Once some were bought ready potted: "6 Pottes of lampreys 13s., of these 5 pottes were sent as a present, ye other was eat with Rattes."

Candles were bought in considerable

quantities, but the purchase of candle-moulds shows that some were made at home, and a purchase of the materials for making soap indicates that this also was a domestic operation. But soap-boiling does not seem to have been to the liking of the household, for later entries relate to the purchase of soap itself, or sometimes to an exchange of tallow for soap at the rate of six pounds of soap for sixteen pounds of tallow.

It may be of interest to give the prices of a few of the commoner articles of diet. Mutton and beef were usually 2d. a pound, but beef was occasionally 2½d., and about the same time Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in one of her letters complains of this latter price as excessive; pigeons were 1s. 8d. a dozen, chickens 1s. a couple, a fat goose and giblets 2s. 3d., 100 oysters 1s. 9d., sugar 4d. a lb., raisins 6d., currants 7d., cheese 4d. a lb., and coals 12s. a ton.

Most of the ordinary shopping was done by one of the female servants, who presented her "note" for marketings on her return from Evesham or other neighboring towns; she also took to market surplus produce, such as butter and eggs, cheese and pigeons, of which a very large number must have been kept. Most likely she rode to market on a pillion with the man-servant, who was entrusted with larger commissions, such as the purchase or sale of sheep, cattle, cart-horses, or even riding-horses; at all events, a man and the woman were often at market on the same day, and the repairs of a pillion show that it was in frequent use.

Two female servants and no more were kept, and as whenever a new one was engaged 1s. was given "in earnest," it is obvious that they were engaged at mops or hiring fairs, which have only comparatively recently ceased to exist in that part of the country. The hiring was for one year and was a mutually

binding contract for that time. Its nature is well illustrated by an entry relating to a man-servant: "Pd to Jas Godson for 6 weeks at 5l. 10s. a yeare, 12s. 6d. But he having 2s. 6d. when hired and he resolved not to stay out his yeare. Note—I might have chose not to pay him anything in regard he wd. not stay his yeare. I pd him." This was not their usual experience, for several of the female servants stayed more than the contract year, though they only received 2l. 5s. a year in wages; and two at least stayed with the Taylors for four years. The servants must have been kindly treated, as several received a small money present on leaving, and when one of them fell ill of a "severe colick" it was not the family apothecary who was called in, as for a minor ailment, but a physician, whose fee was a guinea. But Mr. Taylor's diagnosis must have been at fault, for her illness lasted six weeks, too long for a colic, as we know by her fellow-servant having been given some extra money because she had done all the work for that time. And when his man-servant was ill Mr. Taylor paid for medical attendance upon him also.

This particular man-servant, who received 4l. 10s. a year, remained with the Taylors for no less than eleven years, and was trusted to do important commissions. Generally only one man-servant was kept, though sometimes, particularly towards the end of Mr. Taylor's life, two were kept.

Some light is thrown upon the conditions of medical practice in those days, when minor ailments were generally treated by an "apothecary," who did not possess any medical qualification. Thus one Jarret Smythe, apothecary, was paid 5s. for bleeding Mr. Taylor for a severe cold—"he took 15 oz. too much at one time" writes the patient—and he received numerous payments for bleedings, &c., while he also sold

veterinary medicines and drugs generally. Although he did not belong to the higher grades of the medical profession it is known that he managed to marry an heiress and claimed gentility, stating that he was cousin to a Somersetshire baronet. It will be remembered that it was at his house that Nancy Taylor stayed when she fled from the smallpox in her village.

Originally the apothecary was a grocer, who had more or less made a speciality of selling drugs. Chaucer tells us that his physician had his "potecary," who was apparently an appendage to the particular physician. In carrying out the directions of the physician the apothecary went to the patient's house to apply plasters, &c., and of this one finds an instance in the account-book, where, a physician having ordered an emetic, the apothecary stays the night at Littleton to see it through. By degrees they came to prescribe for minor ailments, and eventually so fully established a position as a grade of medical practitioner that it became desirable to secure that they had an adequate medical training. And so the Apothecaries Act was passed, which enabled the Apothecaries' Society to hold examinations and to grant medical qualifications, which they continue to do to this day. Many still survive who remember the time when the general practitioner was called, especially by the upper classes, the apothecary, and the King's ordinary medical attendant is still officially styled "apothecary."

When more serious ailments were in question the Taylors consulted a physician or a surgeon. The physician's fee was generally a guinea, but the surgeon's fee was more variable. Thus Mr. Owen, surgeon, only had 5s. for "letting me blood in ye right arm for a pain about my left shoulder," that is to say, the same fee that the apothecary had received for a similar opera-

tion. But for advice about "ye dropsie" Mr. Owen received 7s. 6d., as well as 5s. for a "litttle bottle of water for ye dropsie." It was long before the surgeon attained to the same social status as the physician. When the monks, the early practitioners of medicine, were forbidden to treat surgical cases, the practice of surgery fell into the hands of a lower social grade, and this implied inferiority long clung to it.

With his horses Francis Taylor seems to have been very unfortunate, and they were often in the hands of the veterinary surgeons, or, as they were then called, farriers, notwithstanding that he appears to have had a very poor opinion of their skill. "Two bottles of stuff and a potte of oyntment" had been supplied to cure his gray mare of a "running at ye heeles," as to which he remarks, "I used but little of this, fearing it did more hurt than good, and so this money is thrown away."

Then, again, a farrier from a little distance had been called in to fire his son's gray gelding for a shoulder sprain, and a long lament follows:

He agreed for a guinie, $\frac{1}{2}$ a guinie for his journey and $\frac{1}{2}$ a guinie for the operation, also firing my black mare for a supposed shoulder sprain, in all 2 guinies. This last I take to be a great imposition and very unreasonable for yt he went not a step further and was no more than if it had been done at his own house, where he has $\frac{1}{2}$ a guinie, which I was willing to give him, but he wd not be content under a guinie, wh I gave him against my will it being very hard and against all good confidence, but learn to be wiser another time and agree beforehand.

However, this went the way of good resolutions in general, and it was not very long before he found himself in a similar dispute with another farrier. On the whole, the farriers were quite as highly paid as the apothecaries, and, whether it was from the bad condition

of the roads, or from other causes, their services were quite as often in request. Mr. Taylor's want of confidence was not confined to the farriers, but was extended to the medical profession, for we find him having recourse to quack medicines, which he was in no great hurry to pay for, so it may be presumed that he was disappointed in the result, although he does not say so when at last he pays "to the Revd. Mr. Schrine Smyth for three papers of powders he sent me for ye dropsie, 5s."

The habit of giving tips has been already alluded to. Everyone who had the smallest claim received something, though as a rule the sums were small, 6d. generally sufficing. When a side of venison was brought by Lord Coventry's keeper, 2s. 6d. was given; but this is called a fee, so may have been of the nature of a perquisite, which is rendered the more probable in that only 6d. or 1s. was given when the same present arrived by other hands.

Mr. Taylor gave a great many presents, being always careful to pay the carriage unless his own servants were able to deliver them. They usually took the form of produce, such as "a bushel of my best malt," some flax, or particularly good seed corn, or a turkey and a chine of bacon, which was a very favorite present, and their value was invariably entered in the accounts "as to myself." Some of the presents, however, are such as nowadays people might hesitate to accept, as when he sent to the newly elected Mayor of Evesham 10s. towards his feast.

One is impressed by the idea that he was very liberal, notwithstanding an occasional grumble. Thus, when he pays over a small local charity, which appears to have been in his hands, he adds to it out of his own pocket; and when he visits London something substantial is always given to the poor.

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The charity dinner had evidently been invented in his time, for he gives 1l. 19s. 6d. "at ye feast of ye clergymen's sons and to ye poore." Nor was the appeal of a man imprisoned for debt refused, for he gave "to one Richd. Jones a Dtr in Worcester Jayle who has compounded with his creditors at 4s. in ye pound having liberty with Marshall with a certificate signed by Mr. Soley and others in Bewdley to ask charity, 5s."

Of his agricultural ventures no complete record remains; there is a small collection of notes about leases and contracts, but the account-book in the writer's possession makes frequent reference to others which have been long since lost, and it is not possible to ascertain either the extent of his property, his total income, or his total expenditure. Most of his land was generally let to tenants who paid their rent with fair regularity, though he laments that one plot of land had remained upon his hands for four years; and so far as it is possible to form an opinion from the amount of seed corn, &c., used, he had not more than 150 acres under the plough in his own hands. Some of his land was let at 30s per acre, and one is known to have fetched less than a pound. Taking into account the altered value of money these rents seem high, though it is very good land in the district.

Forty years ago the population in the Littletons was smaller than it must have been two hundred years ago, though now the spread of small holdings and of market-gardening has again rendered the villages populous, and so prosperous that many of the tenants have been able to purchase the freehold of their plots.

But it must not be supposed that this progress is due to legislation, for it was well on the way before there was any small Holdings Act upon the Statute Book. It has been the result of nat-

ural development in an area where the land is suitable, and has been furthered by the landlords, who have assisted it by planting and by agitating for increased rail facilities, which have been obtained to the advantage alike of the railway and of the tenants.

The villagers of Mr. Taylor's day appear to have been a tolerably orderly and well-conducted set of people, and the only indication to the contrary, during the ten years over which the accounts extend, lies in three warrants which he procured. One of these was against some wood stealers, and another was a search warrant to look for a brass pan which had been stolen. But this only ended in additional expenses for the search without discovering the whereabouts of the pan. The third warrant is against a woman in the village for buying eggs of one Jack Goring and for harboring vagrants. This is a curious combination of offences to be placed in one warrant, and as to the eggs seems only explicable on the assumption that they were supposed to have been stolen from Mr. Taylor, who at the time had a servant named Timothy Goring. Even so it is difficult to see how action could be taken against the purchaser of the eggs without proceeding also against the thief, of which there is no trace.

Towards the end of his life Francis Taylor moved into a new house which he had built on to a much older half-timbered house, the incongruity of style being of little importance as the new building entirely concealed the older portion from the front. His house still ornaments the village street with its high-pitched, tiled roof, bold gables, and widely projecting eaves, but it has fallen from its high estate. Many of the windows were blocked up on account of the window tax and have never been reopened, and the villagers have a tradition that they were closed because a ghost used to look out from

them and frighten the children. The farmer whose family have occupied it for well-nigh a hundred years chiefly occupies the older portion, and the fine old house is much dilapidated.

In these later years of Francis Taylor's life his brother, the Rev. Ralph Taylor, D.D., S.T.P., was much at Littleton, where he died and was buried. His was a much more chequered career. Having a good living, the best in the gift of Lord Coventry, that of Severn Stoke, in Worcestershire, and being also a prebendary of Worcester, he had a good position and ample means. But he had in some way unknown to us become acquainted with James the Second, and on his abdication became a Nonjuror and followed the King into exile. After a time, finding himself in very reduced circumstances, he wished to return and, if possible, to be reinstated in his living, and to this end he wrote to Francis Taylor to ask him to procure a passport, and he also drafted a petition which he submitted both to Dr. Charlett and to his brother for approval.

These documents and other letters of Ralph Taylor's which still exist are sufficiently interesting for quotation. After complaining of his poverty, he thanks Lady Coventry for having sent him 50*l.*, and adds that the King had offered to give him a pension, but that he had declined it, "having about 400*l.* in other hands, part of which was returned to him, he Begd leave to decline, more pleased with the King's goodness than if he had a million of livres yearly."

He goes on to relate how once he had a coach, four saddle horses and servants accordingly: all of which he was deprived of for his fidelity to the King, and had his outhousing and four horses burnt, his dwelling house beset, and forced to fly for his life from the violence of the Prince of Orange's soldiers. And all this when he was tempted daily with offers of a Bishop-

rick from those who had interest enough with the usurpers to have procured it.

He tells that he is now the only divine with the King, but that he is no Papist, has never been at Mass, nor seen the Host exposed at any church. It is true, however, that he had seen some relics, "and a horrible lie is grafted on it":

These were shewn to the King and Queen. I took that opportunity of seeing what cd not be seen at another time, having first made enquiry if there was no more respect required of those yt viewed them than if they were to see any profane picture or statue, wh accordingly I found to be true. There was neither mass nor vespers, but only a short flourish of trumpets wh ceasing the reliques were shewn to ye King and Queen. The Civility of some persons gave me a very convenient place where I stood all ye while without paying any adoration or anything like it. And this is the plain naked Truth.

So far as can be told, this petition did not have much effect, although he was allowed to return to England; and it is rather remarkable that, being a Protestant, he should have found so much favor in the eyes of King James, who presented him with two gold sleeve-links, which are in the writer's possession.

It appears that he had farmed out some of his tithes to Francis Taylor, perhaps because he had difficulty in collecting them, and he desired that this arrangement should continue. But

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Francis Taylor had for four years been a loser by the transaction, and among his notes we find: "He (Ralph Taylor) shd not be agalust making me an allowance for ye hardship of ye bargain. Half, that is ten pounds, was agreed upon." And Francis Taylor's business caution peeps out in the added note, "My wife present at this interview."

No portrait of Francis Taylor is known to exist. There is, however, an engraving by Vertue of a portrait of Dr. Ralph Taylor, painted by Verelet, which represents a somewhat dour-looking ecclesiastic; but all we know of him is to his credit, and he certainly suffered for conscience' sake the hardships which were inflicted upon the Nonjurors.

And here we must take our leave of the Taylor family, with, it is hoped, a pleasant impression. If the two brothers have been made known mainly by the citing of their complaints, this has been due to their little or great grievances being more amusing than their other utterances, and, after all, their very grumbles are those of men who felt that they had been treated less well than they treated others, and do not point to their being ill-conditioned, discontented men.

Francis Taylor's home seems to have been one where full occupation and content reigned, with a sufficiency of this world's goods to make life easy and pleasant, and the troubles of a disturbed time passed it by unscathed.

C. S. Tomes.

THE SEVERINS.

By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

Author of "The Kinsman," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

Camilla's pleasure was damped by the addition to their party of Miss Clara Walsingham, the little known and alarmingly smart young lady.

Camilla had put on a clean holland gown when Michael had told her they were not to be by themselves in the boat, but every one knows what a holland gown looks like after it has been washed out

of shape and crumpled in a tussle with Bob and a nailbrush. It was a breezy afternoon and she wore a motor cap and a veil, but directly she saw Clara she knew that her motor cap was the wrong shape and her veil tied as any ragamuffin ties a veil. Clara wore a plain straw hat with her white linen, and she carried a short white knitted coat that was smart because it was plain, just right for its purpose and uncommon. Her manner to Camilla was sweet and gracious, but graciousness is one of those virtues that exalt the dispenser and abash the recipient. It implies condescension. Camilla turned shy and took refuge with Bob. They walked a little behind the others till they reached the boat that was to take them out to sea.

"It is very good of you to come," Michael said to Clara as they went ahead, and Clara understood that he was apologizing for his other sister's behaviour, a very proper thing, she thought, for him to do.

"I wanted to come," she said, with a charming air of letting bygones be bygones.

Then they got into the little boat and were taken out to the sailing boat that rode at anchor about half a mile from shore. It was manned by the two brothers who owned it, and with one of them Bob had struck up a fervent friendship. The man explained the boat and its sails to him, showed him how to tie the sailor's knots, and poured out anecdotes, riddles, jests, and personal adventures to which Bob listened with the unblinking stare that spoke of close attention. Camilla listened, too, and sat with Bob and his friend on the half-deck near the mast. The other man leaned over the side of the boat, his gaze fixed on the sea. So Clara and Michael had the stern to themselves during the early part of the afternoon. They talked of yachting. The sea danced around them in the bril-

liant August sunshine and sent splashes of spray across the deck. These, when they broke over him, evoked shrieks of delight and enjoyment from Bob.

"I like your little brother," she said smiling benignly at Bob; and she forgave him when at tea-time he kicked over her cup so that the tea poured in streams on the seat and even over a bit of her skirt.

"You couldn't help it," she said sweetly to him; "it doesn't matter a bit."

It really didn't matter—to her. Her maid or the laundress would remove the stain in this case. If the gown had been spoiled she would not have worn it again and would not have missed it. But Michael and Camilla thought she had an angelic temper. When tea was over Camilla and Bob went back to their place. While they had all sat together in the stern she had listened to Clara's talk and discovered that she lived in a world unknown to her but apparently well-known to Michael. She knew people whose friends and relatives in India he knew. A girl friend had lately married the colonel of a regiment stationed in his city, a man who was Michael's friend. He had even seen the bride on her arrival and could tell Clara just where she lived and what her home was like. They spoke, so it seemed to Camilla, the same tongue, used the same idioms, looked at things from the same point of view. She could see that her brother felt more at home with this stranger than he did with his own people. He looked happy and amused while he talked to her, and his eyes rested on her with admiration. As she stood up to let him put on her coat Camilla thought they looked like lovers and that the supremely important question of Michael's marriage might be settled any day. A little cloud, a slight sense of disappointment, wrapped itself round Camilla's tender heart at the thought

of Clara as a future sister-in-law; but she could not have explained or justified it. Even the spectacle of their rapidly increasing friendship seemed to show her more clearly than anything else had done the whole distance life had set between Michael and his family; and her quick instinct, her eager affection for her brother, told her that this woman, if he took her to wife, would do nothing to bridge it.

"Do you like that lady?" she whispered cautiously to Bob, obeying a childish impulse to take another child's opinion.

The boy did not look up from the piece of rope with which he was playing.

"I don't mind her," he said indifferently. "I liked it better yesterday when Michael and I were by ourselves. I don't care about women much—except Mrs. St. Erth. Why hasn't Mrs. St. Erth come here? She said she would," and before Camilla could stop him he clambered down and ran to Clara.

"Is Mrs. St. Erth coming to stay with you?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not," said Clara, and as the boy ran back again she turned to Michael.

"Her odious husband won't let her come," she observed.

"I wonder why?" said Michael.

"Because we are fond of her and detest him, and he knows it. He separates her from all her friends."

"It seems a pity her friends can't separate her from him," said Michael.

"I'm always so sorry for my father having him for a partner," said Clara, leaving a difficult subject. "But, of course, now he has you too."

That afternoon on the water gave Michael to understand that he was accepted and valued by the Walsinghams both in business and at home, and naturally the assurance gave him pleasure. He felt encouraged when the sail was

over to make the proposal that had been in his mind all the afternoon. Would Clara like to walk back to Sarnen by the cliff instead of waiting about for the train? She would still be in time for dinner.

"I should love it," said Clara; "I have not had a walk to-day."

"Can we come too?" said Bob, who was in hearing.

Michael and Camilla said this was impossible, as some one must carry the tea-basket back to the cottage, but Clara suggested, and, in fact, arranged that one of the boat-men should do this and that Bob should have his way. It was not exactly what Michael wanted, but Clara preferred it. She walked ahead with him while the two younger ones followed at a considerable distance, because Bob stopped every moment to gather flowers. So that the ramble became a duet in reality, although it was a quartette in appearance, or rather when it was described after she reached home. The evening was as fine as the day had been and nearly as warm. The sea caught the radiance of the sky and all along the cliffs the lily was in flower. As they approached Sarnen and saw the great expanse of sand stretching far below them they watched the breakers rolling in shallow crested waves upon the flat shores. Opposite them they saw a long line of sand dunes, the little town of Penleven, and the tidal river that divided it from Sarnen.

"When do you go back to London?" said Michael when they came within sight of the golf links.

Clara said that they had another week at Sarnen and then they were all going to pay visits, some here, some there, and that they would not be settled at home again till late in October.

"At least Beatrice and I shall not be there till then," she said; "and when we get back we shall be in a whirl, because

Beatrice is to be married in December."

As she spoke she looked across the links and saw her father in the distance; and at the same moment Camilla and Bob came up to them breathless and dishevelled. Bob looked as if he had been down a rabbit hole, and this was in fact what he had tried to do whenever he saw a big one. He was sure that sooner or later if he was quiet enough and quick enough he would catch a rabbit.

"I promised Mrs. St. Erth that if I did I would send her one," he said to Clara. "When she was young she caught a baby rabbit in a field with her apron, and she fed it on milk and parsley and lettuces. It lived for years and years, and was called Little V. Will you tell her I tried to catch her a new one?"

"I'll certainly tell her you tried," said Clara, laughing, and then she turned to Michael and explained that if he walked back along the cliff he would get home quicker than by train, as they were now about midway between Sarnen Station and Carbay.

"We shall see you to lunch to-morrow," she said to Michael as she shook hands with him after she had shaken hands with Camilla. Then she nodded to Bob and floated away. Michael looked after her for a moment.

"Why didn't she ask Camilla and me to lunch?" inquired Bob as soon as she was out of hearing.

"She doesn't want little boys who go down rabbit-holes," said Camilla severely. "Look at your hands. I suppose you think you're a fox-terrier."

Next day Michael went over to lunch with the Walsinghams, and found them in a pleasant modern house with a rather new but good-sized garden. After lunch everyone went out into the garden, and when they had sat together for a time on a terrace in front of the house, they scattered in various directions. Michael found himself walking with Clara towards a point

from which there was a fine sea view, but they walked slowly because she stopped to point out various flowers they passed on the way. Michael knew nothing of gardening, but he found it agreeable to stroll between the borders with Clara and watch her pretty ways. She wore a thin white gown again to-day, and a shady hat trimmed with a great clump of cherries. Michael thought it charmingly girlish and simple, and never suspected that the gown and hat together had cost more than one of his sisters spent in a year on clothes. Still he could see that Clara was well turned out and that she must spend what he considered a good deal of money. He wondered what her ideas of the future were, and whether she would like to live a rather quiet life when she married, or whether she would want to have the world with her, the more the better.

"I suppose you have lived in London all your life," he said. "How is it you know so much about flowers?"

"I've always wanted a garden," said Clara, "and we are usually in the country most of the summer. I believe I should like it all the year round."

"Im sure I should," said Michael, pleased to find this community of tastes.

"It is so easy nowadays," continued Clara, "if you have a couple of motors."

"Ye-es," said Michael. His picture of a quiet young married home had not included a couple of motors. They suggested hustling up to London and back again at all hours of the day and night.

"I suppose you have hardly made plans yet," said Clara. "Are you going to be with your mother and sisters this winter?"

"Oh, yes," said Michael. "I shall look after them till I marry."

Clara stooped over a carnation bed and tried to show Michael the difference between a carnation and a picotee.

"But there will be no one much to look after soon," she said a little later. "You say your little brother is going to school and your second sister is going to Paris."

"Who told you so?" asked Michael, surprised.

"Your mother did—when they called."

"Nothing is settled yet," said Michael; "we don't want her to go."

Clara thought that Selma was not likely to ask anyone's consent to her proceedings; also she thought that what such a girl did and where she went did not matter much, provided she disappeared from the scene.

It was Mr. Walsingham and not his women-folk who before he went off to golf came across Michael and Clara in the garden and proposed that Michael's household and his should join in an expedition to Ailsa Head next day. He had said after breakfast to his wife that he thought it unkind to take no notice of Michael's family, and that he did not understand why she objected to them.

"Then you must have forgotten what I told you," said Mrs. Walsingham, and she again described her encounter with Clotilda and Deminski in Sarnen lane. "They were behaving like a pair of trippers," she assured him.

"But that girl has gone back to London with her husband, you say?"

"Yes; and the one left behind is worse. She quite frightened Clara yesterday."

"How did she manage that?"

Mrs. Walsingham gave a little sigh, as a woman must sometimes when the mingled denseness, self-will, and scepticism of a husband tries her sorely. Then she told Mr. Walsingham about Deminski's cowardly desertion of Bob and about Selma's violent defence of this unworthy and disreputable man. The immediate result of her pains was that Mr. Walsingham asked Michael for

his version of the story, heard that Deminski had been sent about his business and returned to his wife with this piece of information which she admitted was creditable to Michael.

"What are these objectionable sisters like?" he asked his wife.

"They are extremely handsome," began Mrs. Walsingham.

"Then I certainly want to see them," said her provoking husband. "I'm fond of handsome people." So he went straight into the garden and proposed the long drive to Ailsa Head. He said that they must pass through Carbay, and would call at the cottage next morning at eleven, and would take Michael and all those of his party who wished to go.

"Have you counted heads, Dad?" said Clara, who wondered how her mother had come to approve of such a scheme. "There will be seven of us, and Jack arrives to-night, you know." She turned to Michael. "How many are there of you?"

"We should not all come," said Michael, "I should like to, and perhaps I may bring Camilla."

"Yes, do," said Clara graciously.

"But I want to see all your sisters," said Mr. Walsingham who hardly knew whether Michael had two or half a dozen. "I hear they are beauties."

"Bob must certainly come," said Clara sweetly.

Michael was not subtle enough to perceive that this inclusion of Bob pointed to the exclusion of Selma. He went home in a cheerful frame of mind and delivered a general invitation, never guessing how little the women of the Walsingham household desired to send one or how little it avails for men to offer peace when those officially under their sway are inclined for war. His mother flatly refused to go. She said that fine ladies frightened her, that she would enjoy a quiet day by herself on the sands. Selma said that she would

go because she liked a long drive and wanted to see Ailsa Head.

"I would rather have gone there without the Walsinghams," she said, "but one must take things as one can get them."

"We can go by ourselves another day," said Michael, who wished that Selma would stay at home.

But the girl looked at him with malicious understanding and said that the weather might break, and that if it was fine to-morrow she would go. Michael could not help wondering what she would look like and how she would behave, and it was not reassuring to find next morning that she had put on the gown he considered objectionable, the gown with big flaring flowers on it, no collar, and elbow sleeves. She wore an enormous floppy hat too, and had tied yards of scarlet chiffon over it and in a big bow under her chin. She carried a scarlet sunshade and long white gloves. She looked magnificent and preposterous, and Michael wished when he saw her that his sisters had been born plain. Camilla comforted him a little by appearing in a harmless white gown and quiet hat, but she looked hot and flurried, and said that she could do nothing with Bob this morning. He was going to the picnic, but he refused to wash because he said that he meant to have a swim with Michael at Ailsa Head, and that nothing should induce him to wash twice in one morning.

"But he had been down to breakfast," said Michael, puzzled as usual by the curious ways of his family. "Don't you remember, Camilla—I sent him up to brush his hair."

"You didn't tell him to wash," said Camilla, who was nearly crying.

"But he was dressed and downstairs," repeated Michael helplessly.

"He never washes here—except in the sea," explained Camilla. So Michael had to go upstairs and wrestle with

Bob. Then the brake arrived, and it was seen that Mrs. Walsingham had not come. Mr. Walsingham was there and his two daughters, one of the ladies staying with them, and Jack Mundesley, who had arrived last night. That made a party of nine besides the driver. When they started Selma sat between Mr. Walsingham and Beatrice, but Michael was at the other end on the opposite side. He sat near Clara, and found her flow of talk easy and engaging. Bob sat on the box, and enjoyed himself as much as was possible considering that the coachman would not trust him to drive. Camilla sat in a far corner, and hardly talked at all because her neighbor was rather deaf and could not hear what she said. Meanwhile a genial but rather thick-headed elderly gentleman was receiving a series of shocks that helped him to understand by the time they reached Ailsa Head why his wife had refused to join this party. The first shock had been delivered when Selma had appeared in the doorway of the cottage. Her natural colors were so vivid, so cherry red, so raven black, so ivory white, that they looked unreal and insolent. Her body was so tall and pliant that it fell without effort into attitudes most women admire in statuary but cannot imitate themselves; and her voice gave to her most trivial remarks the echo of tragedy. If she had dressed like a nun she would have looked like a peony. But in her flowered gown and flying scarlet veil she looked, Mr. Walsingham said to himself, like Jezebel. However, he set himself to talk with his usual urbane politeness, but they had not driven far before he discovered that urbanity was not her virtue. She thought him rather doddering and showed it in her replies. Besides, he soon found that on every subject he started they were profoundly disagreed. He dabbled a little in archaeology, and began in despair to talk of the old

crosses and monoliths for which the neighborhood was remarkable, because he thought that old monuments could not stir this strange young woman to anger as easily as questions of art and literature apparently did. But she displayed an ignorance of Druidic remains that baffled him and an indifference that was rude.

"I should like to take you to see a really fine specimen of a beehive hut--at Sarnen," he began.

"I've been there," said Selma, in such a cut-him-short tone that Mr. Walsingham, who was the soul of courtesy, tried another tack. He remembered that a royal meeting of political importance was taking place in foreign seas to-day. The daily papers were all devoting columns to it.

"The King and the Emperor are having beautiful weather," he said.

"I suppose kings and emperors have the same weather as we do," said Selma, looking at him as if she thought he was daft.

"Do you take any interest in politics?" said Mr. Walsingham.

"I take no interest in kings and emperors," said Selma; "I should prefer cats."

This time it was Mr. Walsingham who stared as if he thought the lady daft.

"You don't know your Mark Twain," she explained scornfully. "His Yankee at King Arthur's Court says that if a nation wants a royal family at all it should have a family of cats. They would do less harm than Neros and Stuarts."

Mr. Walsingham looked uncomfortably across the carriage towards Michael.

"I don't think your brother shares your views," he said.

"Michael!" exclaimed Selma; and then, in a tone of measureless contempt, she said, "He's a Tory." She reminded Mr. Walsingham of thrilling

moments in his early youth when he went to melodramas and heard the villain unmasked; but then she continued speaking in a lighter way, as you do when you have something pleasant and creditable to say of yourself.

"I am an anarchist," she said. "My best friend killed a Russian general with a bomb."

"I really am thankful that my wife did not come, and that Mrs. Trevor-Aspland is slightly deaf," said Mr. Walsingham to himself. He also made a private vow that in future he would take his wife's advice about picnic parties, and when they reached Ailsa Head he got as far away from Selma as he could. At lunch, which they had at an hotel, nothing happened, however, to rouse her vehement tongue until they had finished, and then Jack Mundesley, who was near her, unfortunately said that he would rather grub in a room than on the rocks.

"Which would you rather do?" he said to Selma, for he was much impressed by her handsome appearance, and he had tried in vain to make friends with her.

"I never care what I eat," she said audibly; "I leave that to pigs."

"But that is just the pig's point of view," said Michael lazily, and every one laughed and got up from table. Out of doors Selma found herself alone. She chose a conspicuous rock, took off her shoes and stockings, and sat there dipping her beautiful white feet in and out of the water. Jack Mundesley looked at her, but followed Beatrice. Clara looked at her and sniffed. Mr. Walsingham walked as far as he could in an opposite direction. It was nearly tea-time when Camilla and Bob came clambering over the rocks toward her.

"I have enjoyed myself so much," said Camilla.

"Mr. Walsingham took us to see the cave," said Bob. "I went right to the

end. Miss Walsingham says I can climb like a cat."

"I detest the whole family," said Selma.

"But they have been so kind to-day," said the simple Camilla.

"As for that dolly Clara, the way she hunts down Michael is brazen."

"Oh, Selma!" cried Camilla, with a frightened, warning glance at Bob. But Selma disregarded it.

"Michael doesn't see—a man of his
The Times.

kind never can see anything he can't touch—and I don't care—I'm nothing to Michael and he's nothing to me—but he's being snatched from you, my child, by a clothes peg."

"Oh, dear!" cried Camilla, "and I have been so happy all day; but I can't help it—can I? Michael is his own master."

"He won't be when he marries Clara," said Selma.

(To be continued.)

SOME IRISH POETRY.*

It is often said that we have no poets of distinction, and have lacked such for some years. Subsequent generations may ask whether it was on the public or on the poets that the blame should lie, adding: How did the public treat the poets? Let the fate of two be remembered as examples. During the last decades of the nineteenth century Francis Thompson published his "Poems," containing the then generally neglected, the now widely acclaimed, "Hound of Heaven," that ode which, in its singular and irresistible splendor of conception and diction, is surely unique among English odes. And Lord de Tabley gave his country three volumes of poetry, profoundly separated in standpoint from Thompson's poetry, but still in dignity and interest comparable to it. Outside a very small circle, careless of the disapprobation implied in the name given to them, lovers of minor poetry, these books made nothing that could be called a "stir." Perhaps, then, it is scarcely remarkable that in a country so careless of

poetry poets should seem to be rare.

The obvious question arises: Why and whence such carelessness? May not the answer be found in the widespread materialism of our generation?—a materialism subtly and insidiously spread by some of our vaunted educational machinery. Any student of educational movements will realize that when the glow of the Renaissance faded there stole a gloomy spirit of dull verbalism over many of the schools of Europe. And they know that in time a reaction set in, and there arose great educators who invited us to teach our children less from books, which they found so hard to grasp, and more from the sights and sounds all around them; less by memory and more by sense perception. And so far was no doubt so good. Only there seems in human affairs always to be some perverse spirit which drives men to swing the pendulum first as far as it will go in one direction and then equally far in the opposite. And so now we find, a serious educational writer, an American

* W. B. Yeats. "Poems," 1904. Fisher Unwin. "The Wind Among the Reeds," 1903. Elkin Matthews.

A. E. "The Divine Vision," 1904. Macmillan. "Homeward Songs by the Way," 1901. John Lane. "The Earth Breath," 1906. John Lane.

Padraic Colum. "Wild Earth," 1907. Maunsel & Co.

Seosamh MacCathmhaoil. "The Gilly of Christ," 1907. Maunsel & Co. "The Mountain Singer," 1909. Maunsel & Co.

James H. Cousins. "The Awakening," Maunsel & Co.

J. M. Synge. "Poems and Translations," 1909. The Gaelic Press, Dundrum.

follower of Herbart, Professor de Garmo, writing as the opening lines of an educational text-book, widely used in training colleges, these words: "All mental activity is based upon the results of sense perception, with which it starts. It is inconceivable that a being having no use of the senses could have any mental life. It is true, indeed, that mental life presupposes *more* than a mere use of the senses, but it presupposes this also."¹ It is abundantly true that the majority of people are as ignorant of pedagogic literature as they can be of anything; but these sentiments are furnished as the mental pabulum of young teachers, seize hold of their minds, and thence trickle down, with more or less diluted dogmatism, to the children in our schools.

Leaving on one side the unproved, perhaps unprovable, statement that a being without the five senses could have no mental life, it may be asked if the other part of the passage: "It is true, indeed, that mental life presupposes *more* than a mere use of the senses, but it presupposes this also," be consonant with the facts of experience? Psychology should surely reject no mental process brought under its notice; it should examine, shall I say, that of S. John of the Cross, with an eagerness equal to that with which it welcomes Professor de Garmo's. The latter declares that mental activity presupposes sense perception. S. John of the Cross,² explaining the statement in his poem that under certain circumstances a human soul was,

"In darkness and concealment,"

writes: "The reason why the soul is free is . . . that infused contemplation, to which it is now admitted, is passively infused into it, in secret, without the cognizance of the senses,

and of the interior and exterior powers of the sensual part." I am not unaware that many people will dispose of this consideration, satisfactorily to themselves, by the remark: "Oh, but of course the mystics were all mad!"

Let us hear, then, the evidence of one whom few perhaps, if any, would call mad, though other hard names have been applied to him:—

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no
rise

From outward things, what'er you may
believe.

There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness; and
around,

Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it
in.

This perfect clear perception—which is
truth,

A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Blinds it, and makes all error: and to

KNOW

Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may
escape,

Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without. Watch nar-
rowly

The demonstration of a truth, its birth,
And you trace back the effluence to its
spring

And source within us.³

How outrageously Browning here ranges himself on the side taken by S. John of the Cross against such a position as Professor de Garmo's. And there is William Wordsworth, the inspired Cumbrian; and what do not those two words convey of inner illumination, combined with every-day common sense!

I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seem-
eth still;

O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of
thought

And human knowledge, to the human
eye

Invisible, yet liveth to the heart.⁴

¹ "Essentials of Method," Professor C. de Garmo, p. 13.

² "The Dark Night of the Soul," Book II., Chap. xiii.

³ "Parnassus."

⁴ "The Prelude," Book II., ll. 401-406.

It is easy to say that Wordsworth wrote nonsense, but calling it that does not make it so. "To talk . . . is not to think,"⁵ as Mr. Bradley once wrote severely. The point is, was the poet's experience sincere? Again, there is that wonderful apostrophe:

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the earth! Ye visions of the
hills!
And Souls of lonely places!⁶

No doubt such lines are "to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness." But the Jews and the Greeks are not the whole human race. If anyone be aware of such presences he did not become so through his five senses. Wordsworth says he was aware of them. Who can prove he was not? Others say they, too, have known them. No doubt if Wordsworth and they are all alike mistaken—well, then, poetry may be the "rubbish" the daily Philistine declares it to be. But when we remember how different were the circumstances and temperaments of St. John of the Cross, of Wordsworth, of Robert Browning, and yet how one and all acknowledged the reality of "extra-sensational" experience, we feel as if it were dogmatism in defence of a preconceived theory which will sweep them away with the easy cry, "Ah! but the mystics and poets are mad fellows, after all." Even a poet is a human being, and if psychology be really the science which takes account of mental process, then it must consider all the genuine mental process of any human being who exhibits it clearly enough to allow it to be analyzed and judged. For, indeed, Wordsworth is a fair instance; he was a very human poet; he had a peculiarly clear appreciation of *natural* beauty, and an unusually fine sense of moral and intellectual values, so that when

he reminds us (in lines that describe with philosophical accuracy the constitution of ordinary knowledge) how

Exquisitely the individual Mind
. to the external world
Is fitted,⁷

and yet clings fast to super-sensual knowledge:

That serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us
on,

Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human
blood

Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:

While with an eye made quiet by the
power

Of harmony and the deep power of joy
We see into the life of things;⁸

when he thus grasps the whole problem, it seems as if the evidence against Professor de Garmo's theory of the genesis of mental activity is overwhelmingly strong.

If it be true that this growing materialism really leads to a neglect of poetry, it is hardly remarkable if poets appear to be rare. It is at least equally unremarkable that, neglecting its own poets, England, for centuries so incapable of realizing the existence of Ireland except as a political nuisance, should be ignorant of the Celtic school of poets, and, if reminded, should shrug the national shoulders in contempt. Yet if people on the east of St. George's Channel could, by any strain and effort, acquire the power of appreciating the Irish temper, they might find in the works of these poets a vein of rich ore, by no means to be despised even by a nation owning through inheritance the stored wealth from Caedmon to William Watson.

It will no doubt task their powers of perseverance, for Irish poetry is compact of the phenomena of daily life

⁵ "Appearance and Reality," F. H. Bradley, p. 63.

⁶ "The Prelude," Book I., ll. 464-469.

⁷ "Recluse."

⁸ Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey.

shown against an enwrapping background of the super-sensual, which is not mere light or air or dream or phantasy, but partakes of them all, and is far removed indeed from the ordinary mental atmosphere of the practical Englishman.

What, then, are the special marks of this school of poets? First, there is the sense of limitless mystery, of darkness laden with unknown, perhaps unknowable, things; the far-off gleam of a light radiant with imperishable splendor; the sense of spaces filled with sentient life, calling, suggesting, stimulating; of water and air thronged with spiritual beings; of the sea's passionate cry, of the wind's inconsolable anguish; of the unfathomable whispering of the night; there is all that accumulated consciousness of unexplored existence which comes down at once on the home-born or the alien of Celtic strain as they set foot on Irish soil; there is in them that insistent omnipresent calling of deep unto deep, which seems inseparable from the land itself:

"Tis the Beauty of all Beauty that is
calling for your love.

And the land of Youth lies gleaming,
flushed with rainbow light and
mirth,

And the old enchantment lingers in
the honey-heart of Earth."

I will arise and go now, and go to
Innisfree

And I shall have some peace there; for
peace comes dropping slow,

I will arise and go now, for always,
night and day

I hear lake-water lapping with low
sounds by the shore

While I stand on the road-way and on
the pavements gray

I hear it in the deep heart's core."

* "Gates of Dreamland." — A. E.

¹⁰ "The Lake Isle of Innisfree." — W. B. Yeats.

The yearning to get free, away from house into the open, limitless world is profoundly characteristic:

Then I will out

Where I can hear the wind cry and the
water cry

And curlew cry: how does the saying
go

That calls them the three oldest cries in
the world?

Farewell, farewell, I will go wander
among them,

Because there is no comfort under a
roof-tree."

The curlew, wailing and calling, sweeping through the air like the very spirit of wild moor and desolate water, has fixed itself deeply in the hearts of these poets.

With all the beautiful love of home and appreciation of Nature indigenous in English poetry from Caedmon to today, and notwithstanding Wordsworth's intense consciousness of kinship with Nature, somehow there never steals in among it this unsatisfied cry of divided being, this insupportable longing to melt and blend with the—something more than home, rather the very source of life and thought and feeling, this hungering, insatiable desire which makes Irish poetry so irresistibly appealing, so incomparably genuine and true. Sometimes it is a cry for the impalpable:

Only spirits know such longing
For the far away;
And the fiery fancies thronging
Rise not out of clay.

Keep the secret sense celestial
Of the starry birth:
Though about you call the bestial
Voices of the earth."

And then, again, it is a yearning for the irrevocable possession of the commonest elemental things:

Who are my friends
Faithful and true,

¹¹ "The Countess Cathleen."

¹² "Comfort" ("Songs by the Homeward Way.") — A. E.

Who but the stars
That burn in the blue?

Who but the sun
That sinketh so red,
Who but the clay
That giveth me bread?

Who but the hills,
Who but the sea,
Who but the flowers
That fold on the tree?

Who but the moths
That flutter and pass,
Who but the lambs,
That cry in the grass?

Who but the darkness,
Who but the rain,
Who but the grave, the grave?
All else are vain!

All else are vain.¹³

Occasionally this kinship with wild Nature rises to an almost extra-human pitch, as

Still south I went, and west and south
again,
Through Wicklow from the morning
till the night,
And far from cities and the sites of
men,
Lived with the sunshine and the moon's
delight.

I knew the stars, the flowers and the
birds,
The gray and wintry sides of many
glens,
And did but half remember human
words,
In converse with the mountains, moors
and fens.¹⁴

Elsewhere it is a desire for the mysterious blending of natural and supernatural, so germane to the Island of the Saints, where earth and sky and water are still alive with S. Augustine's immortal plea; it is a yearning for the commingling of everyday life with the deep things of religion, the quiet acquiescence in what the obtuse label superstition, fondly imagining that

they are immune from such stains
themselves.

The dark is magical, the air
Living with silver moths.
Planet and star, like cherubim
On heaven's amber stair,
With golden cloths
About their shoulders thrown,
Whisper in sweet and secret monotone.
The west wind beats upon my face
With wings invisible, and feet
As white and light and musical
As wind . . . But lo,
Where yonder in a cloud of snow
Comes Christ, the Mystical!
His feet are whiter than the wind,
His raiment than the stars,
His voice than song of wind and stars
In diapason joined
More lyrical.¹⁵

The same desire, still less definitely imprisoned, breathes in the following lines:

And the wonder world was shining
With vast eternal things.

The solemn twilight fluttered
Like the plumes of seraphim,
And we felt what things were uttered
In the sunset voice of Him.

We lingered long, for dearer
Than home were the mountain places
Where God from the stars dropped
nearer
Our pale, dreamy faces.¹⁶

And all the while, with this play of imagination, with this outstretching to what lies behind phenomena, there is in these modern, Irish poets a profound, some might call it a childish, simplicity. But it is the simplicity of genuineness, dealing with the fundamental stuff of human life, its everyday affection, care and longing, translating it into simplest verse, like Mr. Yeats' "To an Isle in the Water" or "The Fiddler of Dooney," or like "The Connachtman" of Padriac Colum, true poet of the very soil of Ireland, or still more, perhaps,

¹³ "Who are my Friends?" ("The Mountain Singer"). — Seosamb MacCathmhaoil.

¹⁴ "The Prelude," — J. M. Synge.

¹⁵ "The Gilly of Christ." — Seosamb MacCathmhaoil.

¹⁶ "The Divine Vision." — A. E.

his moving, haunting lyric, "An Old Woman of the Roads":

O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire
The pile of turf again' the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains,
And pendulum swinging up and down!

A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown.

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night,
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed, and loth to leave
The ticking clock and shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house
or bush,

And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and rain's way.

Perhaps only the homeless can wholly appreciate that; but all can see that here is a longing for the "peace that dwelleth at the heart of things," which is possibly most desired by and even best known to these stormy Celts, whom all the world accuses of loving strife for its own sake. Nor is it wonderful that the people who are so conscious of "the perpetual flux"—

For life has no glory
Stops long in one dwelling
And time has no story
That's true twice in telling,"

should desire above all things peace; for what better than this acute sense of the mutability of human things could accentuate the longing for determined, settled, harmonious rest?

¹⁷ "Homeward Songs."—A. E.

And yet another characteristic is the spirit which resists compromise, the mood which, deprived of its ideal, scorns every *pis aller*:

We must rise or we must fall:
Love can know no middle way:
If the great Life do not call,
There is sadness and decay."

It were well, perhaps, if the English could imbibe some tincture of this detestation for half-way houses, could grasp that some of the failures of life may conceivably arise from their complacent habit of making a shift with a second best. That poet of the plain Englishman, Lord Tennyson, wrote:

It is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all,

and his countrymen, while applauding the sentiment, still retained their ancient habit of bolstering themselves up with the first make-believe that came to hand after they had loved and lost. This fundamental difference between the two races may account for the odd verdict pronounced by an Englishman on Mr. Yeat's poetry "that it did not seem to come to much." On the other hand, it is possible that this absolute, unaccommodating spirit in the Irish may lead to another mood characteristic of the race, and of this school of poets, so imbued with racial qualities, that sense of the overwhelming finality of grief, of uttermost sadness intrinsic in human things.

We laid him to rest with tenderness;
Homeward we turned in the twilight's gold;

We thought in ourselves with dumb distress—

All the story of earth is told.

A beautiful word at the last was said:
A great deep heart like the hearts of old

Went forth; and the speaker had lost the thread,

Or all the story of earth was told.

¹⁸ "Homeward Songs."—A. E.

The dust hung over the pale dry ways
Dizzily fired with the twilight's gold,
And a bitter remembrance blew in each
face

How all the story of earth was told.¹⁹

When this consciousness of the
pathos of the world mingles with religious
fervor the grief is not less poignant,
but rather it vibrates with a keener
pain, for despite all the glory and power
of divine faith sorrow is still sovereign,
at least on this middle earth:

I am the mountainy singer,
And I would slug of the Christ
Who followed the paths thro' the mountains

To eat at the people's tryst.

He loved the sun-dark people
As the young man loves his bride,
And He moved among their thatches
And for them He was crucified.

And the people loved Him also,
More than their houses and lands,
For they had known His pity
And felt the touch of His hands.

And they dreamed with Him in the
mountains

And they walked with Him on the sea,
And they prayed with Him in the garden

And bled with Him on the tree.

Not even by longing and dreaming
May they come to Him now,
But by the thorns of sorrow
That bruised His kingly brow.²⁰

And when this Irish melancholy
stands apart from religion it still retains
its intense humanity, its piercing,
irremediable pain:

A silent sinner, nights and days
No human heart to him drew nigh,
Alone he wound his wonted ways,
Alone and little loved he died.

And autumn Death for him did choose
A season dank with mists and rains,
And took him while the evening dews
Were settling o'er the fields again.²¹

¹⁹ "Ibid."

²⁰ "The Gilly of Christ," p. 16.

²¹ "Poems and Translations," — J. M. Synge.

Human language may be an inadequate vehicle for the expression of the deep things of life, but it would be difficult to find words more apt than these to convey the quintessence of desolate loss, accentuated by a subtly hopeless and depressing environment. It is no "pathetic fallacy" into which Mr. Synge has fallen, but rather that coincidence of human sorrow with painful surroundings which is so common that many have grown inured to it till they no longer so much as perceive it, but which nevertheless furnishes a thread in the texture of much Irish thought.

In turning from general characteristics to the particular poet, it seems natural to give the first place to Mr. Yeats. Among his metrical plays and poems the "Countess Cathleen," by reason of matter and form, holds a commanding position. The story of it is easily told. Famine, dire and relentless, has seized on a whole district; amid mysterious portents—

Hear how the dog bays, Mother,
And how the gray hen flutters in the coop.

Strange things are going up and down
the land

These famine times: by Tubber-vanach
cross-roads

A woman met a man with ears spread
out,

And they moved up and down like
wings of bats,

amid strange sights that none understand—

There is no sign of change—day copies
day,

Green things are dead—the cattle too
are dead

Or dying, and on all the vapour hangs
And fattens with disease and glows
with heat,

and the peasant-man's cry in his desolation:

The Mother of God
Hushed by the waving of the immortal
wings,

Has dropped in a doze and cannot hear
the poor.

I passed by Margaret Nolan's: for nine
days

Her mouth was green with dock and
dandelion,

And now they wake her

God and the Mother of God have
dropped asleep,

amid all that the only hope of the land
lies in the Countess Cathleen, who dis-
tributes her wealth for her people's
need. Suddenly there come upon the
scene two merchants, emissaries of the
devil, buying souls at a price—a price
which will ensure the seller against
the famine, as the first merchant an-
nounces to the trembling peasantry:

Come hither,
See you these little golden heaps? Each
one

Is payment for a soul. From charity
We give so great a price for those
poor flames.

In despair, the Countess, having been
told by her herdsmen that

two merchants at a house in the woods
Buy souls for hell, giving so great a
price

That men may live through all the
dearth in plenty,

commands her steward to spend all her
gold, to realize her castles, pastures,
forests, all save her actual dwelling, and
send for cattle and food that her people
may not continue selling themselves to
sin. But all the while it is her soul
that the merchants covet:

How may we gain this woman for our
lord?

This pearl, this turquoise fastened in
his crown

Would make it shine like His we dare
not name.

In a wonderful scene, with the help
of elemental spirits and of the spirits
of the "lately dead" (the Countess' own
former retainers who bargained, these
last), they bear away all the jewels and

other wealth in the castle. When this
loss has been communicated to her,
and the merchants have assured her
that the ships bringing her relief are
becalmed beyond arrival, they begin
the direct traffic for her soul.

A point has been made against the
play here; it has been argued that,
were the Countess conscious of the
worth of her own soul, that very con-
sciousness would mar it. But this is
to misunderstand the play. The offer
comes from the merchants; they, not
she, estimate the supreme value of her
soul; to her it is the one thing of price
she has left, and at last she leaves the
oratory door with the wailing cry:

Mary, queen of angels
And all you clouds on clouds of saints,
farewell,

and sets forth to bargain with the
merchants for her people's safety. The
appalling sale is made, the land is
saved, but between her foster-mother
Oona, and the young bard Aleel, her un-
recognized lover, she lies down to die.
The merchants, meanwhile, have dis-
appeared entirely:

We must away, and wait until she dies
Sitting above her tower as two gray
owls

Watching as many years as may be,
guarding
Our precious jewel, waiting to seize
her soul.

They have not long to wait; the
death struggle is close at hand, and
the fiercer fight between the spirits of
heaven and hell begins. The terrified
peasants, amid thunder and lightning,
fall on their knees, while Aleel cries:

Angels and devils clash in the middle
air,
And brazen sounds clang upon brazen
helms.

The stage direction here is particu-
larly interesting: "Half in the light,
half in the shadow, stand armed
angels. Their armor is old and worn,

and their drawn swords dim and dinted." And thus the alert Irish imagination grasps, with swift apprehension, the facts of the age-long struggle waged by the hosts of heaven on untiring forces of evil. In the bitter, prolonged strife trimness and form and brilliance have departed; these warrior spirits, driving before them the devil's slaves, are no gilded, drilled lifeguardsmen, like Milton's showy battalions,—

Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung; in arms they
stood

Of golden panoply, refulgent host.²²

But Aedel, the faithful lover, in the supreme moment wrests the secret of heaven from one of the angels. Seizing him, the bard cries:

Till you speak

You shall not drift into eternity,

and the angel makes answer:

The light beats down, the gates of pearl
are wide:

And she is passing to the floor of peace.
And Mary of the seven times wounded
heart

Has kissed her lips, and the long
blessed hair

Has fallen on her face; the Light of
Lights

Looks always on the motive, not the
deed,

The Shadow of Shadows on the deed
alone.

Of course, as is well known, some question was raised concerning the theological orthodoxy of the play; but possibly that such should have been the case was something like a literary misapprehension, as if, *e.g.*, one should call the *Œdipus Tyrannus* "improper," for the Countess Cathleen is, after all, founded on ancient Irish folk-lore; it is in reality a parable that has its analogues in other than Irish literatures. Mr. Yeats himself, speaking of it as "the most impressive form of one of the supreme parables of the world,"

²² "Paradise Lost," VI., 524.

compares it with the story of *Alcestris*, though adding, "but her sacrifice was less overwhelming, less apparently irremediable."

In the handling of the idea Mr. Yeats has shown himself a true poet. Probably, even with the most perfect of accessories, the play could not be staged quite satisfactorily, and this just because it is instinct with the Celtic sense of the supernatural world. It is by the help of the finer kind of imagination only that we can fully appreciate the dreadful retribution which has fallen so swiftly on the two "robbing peasants" who, having sold their souls and died, are called by the merchants to carry away the gold and jewels, and who come to their task with faces "withered from much pain." It is rather through this same higher imagination than by the aid of the vaunted five senses that we realize the elemental spirits who appear in response to the first merchant's call:

Come hither, hither, hither water-folk

Come all you elemental populace;
Leave lonely the long-boarding surges:
leave

The cymbals of the waves to clash
alone,

And shaking the sea-tangles from your
hair

Gather about us. . . .

I can hear a sound

As from waves beating upon distant
strands;

And the sea-creatures, like a surf of
light,

Pour eddying through the pathways of
the oaks;

And as they come, the sentient grass
and leaves

Bow towards them, and the tall,
drought-jaded oaks

Fondle the murmur of their flying feet.

The scene of the trafficking for souls might surely give pause to a careless generation, and might, one would think, redeem any possible taint of

heresy in the old folk-lore story.

Aleel, sick at heart because his devotion avails nothing to drive the pain from the face of Countess Cathleen, learns the sacrificial aspect of selfless love—

Take my soul.

1st Merchant: We cannot take your soul, for it is hers.

Aleel: Ah, take it, take it. It nowise can help her,

And therefore do I tire of it.

1st Merchant: No, no

We may not touch it.

Aleel leaves them with scorn, only to learn on a later day that, having borne his burden, he can avail to wring the message of victory from the Angel of Death.

The woman, "soft, handsome and still young," already embarked on the ways of sin, learns that these crafty dealers will give but a trumpery price for her so nearly achieved soul; and the Laodicean peasant who cries:

Nay, I am no coward,

I will sell half my soul.

finds that even hell, as Dante taught long ago, despises such:—

1st Merchant: It is writ here
This man in all things takes the moderate course,
He sits on midmost of the balance beam

And no man has had good of him or evil.

Begone, we will not buy you.

"Questo misero modo tengon l'anime triste di coloro che visser senza infamia e senza lodo. mischiate sono a quel cattivo coro degli angeli che non furon ribelli, nè fur fedeli a Dio, ma per sè foro.

Caciarli i ciel per non esser men belli, nè lo profondo inferno gli riceve, chè alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d'elli."

"Questi non hanno speranza di morte, e lor cieca vita è tanto bassa, che invidiosi son d'ogni altra sorte.

Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa, misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna: non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa."²²

It is, perhaps, too much to expect that a generation which loves musical comedy above all other stage possibilities, should appreciate plays like Mr. Yeats', made up of this blend of religious faith and devil's emissaries and the powers of water and air; nevertheless, those who still understand such *dramatis personæ* find the obtuse verdicts of the crowd not even amusing, while they admit the untoward facts of a materialistic age which make such judgments possible.

The shorter play in this volume, "The Land of Heart's Desire," though doubtless less ambitious than the "Countess Cathleen," has an appealing charm, in its way quite as effective. The sense of an almost irresistible fate, of the power of "The Folk Beyond," inspires it from the first almost to the last, till the final moment when the mysterious dancing child is defeated only by the Angel of Death, and Fr. Hart declares:—

Thus do the Spirits of evil snatch their prey

Almost out of the very hand of God;
And day by day their power is more and more,
And men and women leave old paths, for pride
Comes knocking with their knuckles on the heart.

Besides these plays there are the shorter poems in his large volume and in "The Wind among the Reeds," and these cannot be neglected by anyone who wishes to penetrate the meaning of this school. There are, e.g., "The Man who Dreamed of Faery Land," "The Rose of the World," "The Rose of Peace," "Father Gilligan," "Down by the Sally Gardens," from the larger volume. And from "The Wind among

²² "Inferno," Canto III.

the Reeds" might be selected, besides those mentioned earlier, the strange dream poem, unexplained but suggestive, called "The Cap and Bells," the beautiful "Song of Wandering Ængus," "The Heart of the Woman," the stately "Secret Rose," "The Travail of Passion."

Reasons of space prevent much quotation, but one, "Aedh wishes his Beloved were dead," that song of estranged lovers, sobbing out its choking sorrow, and yet shot through with the generosity of belief that in the last resort the beloved would finally understand it was all a mistake and forgive and blot out the bitter remembrance of error, must be given:—

Were you but lying cold and dead,
And lights were paling out of the West,
You would come hither, and bend your head,

And I would lay my head on your breast;

And you would murmur tender words,
Forgiving me, because you were dead:
Nor would you rise and hasten away,
Though you have the will of the wild birds,

But know your hair was bound and wound

About the stars and moon and sun:
O would, beloved, that you lay
Under the dock-leaves in the ground
While lights were paling one by one.

Perhaps the other song of Aedh is the most perfect epitome of Mr. Yeats's many gifts that can be furnished by any single poem:—

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths

Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:

But I, being poor, have only my dreams;

I have spread my dreams under your feet;

Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Finally, those who are inclined to be little Mr. Yeats' poems, and such people exist in larger numbers than some might suppose, should remember that he wrote one love-song which may surely rank among the very best:—

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,

And nodding by the fire, take down this book,

And slowly read, and dream of the soft look

Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.

How many loved your moments of glad grace,

And loved your beauty with false love or true:

And one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,

And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars

Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled

And paced upon the mountains overhead,

And hid his face among a cloud of stars.

Mention must be made, in conclusion, of Mr. Campbell's little volume, "The Gilly of Christ." Quotation gives no adequate idea of the singular charm of this tiny collection. It is hard to choose even, but perhaps the two following may, with those already given earlier in these pages, convey something useful to sympathetic readers:—

As I came over the gray, gray hills

And over the gray, gray water,

I saw the gilly leading on

And the white Christ following after.

Where and where does the gilly lead?

And where is the white Christ faring?

They've travelled the four gray sounds of Orc.

And the four gray seas of Eirinn.

The moon is set and the wind's away.

And the song in the grass is dying.

And a silver cloud on the silent sea

Like a shrouding sheet is lying.

And Christ and the gilly will follow on,
Till the ring in the east is showing,
And the awny corn is red on the hills
And the golden light is glowing.

And then there is the other:—

Twilight fallen white and cold,
Child in cradle, lamb in fold;
Glimmering thro' the ghostly trees
Arcturus and Pleiades,

Wounds of Eloim,
Weep on me!

Blackwinged vampires flitting by,
Curlews crying in the sky;
Gray mists wreathing from the ground,
Wrapping rath and burial ground,
Wounds of Eloim,
Weep on me!

Heard, like some ancient Gaelic strain,
Ocean's ancient voice in pain;
Darkness folding hill and wood,
Sorrow drinking at my blood,
Wounds of Eloim,
Weep on me!

Another little poem, "A Night Prayer," from Mr. Campbell's other volume, "The Mountain Singer," exemplifies equally well this mingling of the Catholic Faith with the ancient lore of Ireland, which began with the first entrance of the Faith, when it was incorporated with the racial Philosophy of Life, already the nation's most highly prized learning:²⁴

Pray for me, Seachnal,
Pray for me, Mel,
Save me from sin
And the cold stone of hell.

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Brigid and Ita
And Elthne the Red,
Spread out your mantles
And cover my bed!

For rann and Gospel
Have gone from my mind,
And devils are walking
Abroad in the wind!

As Mr. John Morley, writing on Wordsworth, once suggested, the attempted classifying of poets as if they were collegians in a class-list is an empty and futile task. It seems a pity that those who appear to fancy that they are, in some surely inexplicable way, injuring the "great poets" if they recognize any of lesser rank, who behave as if they imagine that the term "minor poet" is one of opprobrium, cannot cultivate a little catholicity of taste. "To argue concerning the precise place" of these poets, who have so much to give on that side of human life which is at present, by an age taught to believe that all mental life presupposes sense perception, far too little considered, the supernatural, immaterial, mystical side, to reject them because they are not Shakespeare, or Milton, or Browning, to refuse to take them for just what they are, hierophants of neglected and forgotten things, is surely one of those human ingratiitudes as stupid as they are deplorably common.

Geraldine E. Hodgson.

OUR HERITAGE THE SEA.

There surely is no more marvellous story in the history of Peoples than that of the conquest of the deep seas and illimitable oceans by the men who pushed out into an untracked waste of waters, during the 150 years which succeeded Columbus's discovery of the

West Indies. Some grave historians have asserted that the bursting out of the crusading instinct was an indication of race insanity. As the lemmings seem seized with the passion for self-destruction and make for the sea, into which thousands plunge and are drowned, so the pick of Europe gathered itself together for incredible toll

²⁴ Article, *Encyc. Brit.* "Celtic Literature." — Dr. W. K. Sullivan.

and disaster and marched boldly, for the sake of an idea alone, to the Holy Land—"In hope of winning Heaven, by making earth a Hell." Why should Christian men of the best civilization of their day fly at the throat of Muslim and Saracen to wrest from the infidel a land to which the Christian had no racial right? A parallel would be if volunteers of the best families of Britain, France, and Germany were, at the present day, to muster, under the sanction and co-operation of their Governments, in order to march across the blinding deserts of Arabia, with the object of capturing the Holy City of Mecca, slaughtering on their march, without pity or thought of quarter, all who blocked their way.

It must be admitted that the huge, unwieldy castles which floated in the fifteenth century up and down the Mediterranean were greater achievements, from the shipwright's standpoint, than were the three-tiered Carthaginian and Roman triremes, or the piratical galleys of the Norse rover. In that respect alone, however, for all these voyages undertaken by primitive mariners were, so to say, cross-channel trips. True, the Vikings found their way from Iceland, and, if head-winds balked their endeavor, their expeditions must have been fraught with what we should now call dreadful hardships. But the men were as hardy as dogs. They slaughtered friend or foe alike, without malice, in the spirit of mere dare-devil, school-boy humor. The father would chop off the son's hand in a sort of practical joking mood, and the injured man took his jest in the same vein. Torture and the taking of life were trivial incidents, if they happened to point a Saga moral. It is a marvel how the race persisted and escaped extinction, but it struggled through somehow.

The Tudor navigator had passed beyond parochial navigation. He struck

boldly out into the void seas. He fully expected those seas must have a limit and a verge. What more reasonable proposition could present itself to the mind of men who watched the sun rise and sink and who took the common-sense view that they were standing on a rigid platform, which platform jumped into being out of nowhere 6,000 years before? Their pastors and masters had driven that view of things into their heads with many strokes of the pedagogue's ferrule. It was flying in the face of Providence to believe anything different. So the geographers evolved, from their inner consciousness, maps of the world they lived on. They mostly drew a circular table top with Jerusalem in the centre of it, and the Biblical rivers wandering at their own sweet will across the disc. A School Board child of to-day would smile at such an effort. Folk nowadays, are, or fancy themselves to be, infallible. It is surely a popular delusion, as patent as that of the old map-makers. Not even the youngest of us is infallible, in spite of our assurance that we are so; and, moreover, we are deficient in many of the qualities which the old-time folk possessed in abundance.

He was a bold spirit, a master mind, who first pushed out into unfathomed waters and braved the dangers of the Devil and the Deep Sea. Consider the size of the vessels in which the Elizabethan seamen crossed the Atlantic. Imagine a crew of twenty to twenty-five hands deliberately putting to sea in a Hastings fishing smack with the intent of circumnavigating the globe. It was foolhardy, doubtless, but surely it was sublime. With the easy, breezy confidence of the sailor-man of all ages, taking little or no thought of the morrow, these men packed themselves into their floating coffins and trusted to the little cherub that sits up aloft. Few will deny that.

to-day, the best type of naval officer is probably our highest product of human evolution. That Great Britain is primarily a sea power is surely the secret of her success, international and economic. The human factor is the main-spring of a nation's well-being, and the proportion of sea-going folk is higher in Great Britain than is the case with any other great Power. Hence has arisen her proud predominance, her world-wide Empire, her commerce with and concentration of the ideas of all nations. This is where the Little Englander wofully miscalculates. His creed is that Great Britain's ideal should be to remain a petty island in the North Atlantic, shut by the kindly seas in a tiny fold and careless of everything but the shop-keeping instinct. Now every seaman who is trained and added to the roll is another asset to our race, every vessel added to his Majesty's Navy is the product of a vast accumulative industry, by which the entire community profits. The modern creed that expenditure on the Navy means "dead money" is manifestly rank nonsense. It means the maintenance of troops of skilled artificers, and the making of a body of men drilled, disciplined, capable of going anywhere and doing anything, men made of the same stuff as their forbears, who humbled the pride of Spain and brought the world to heel.

Going back, then, to the Elizabethan explorer of the New World setting out in his fishing smack, we must bear in mind that he was kennelled in quarters unfit for a pack of hounds. Fancy the landsman, perhaps beguiled to sea, suffering the pangs of seasickness and cooped 'tween decks in such a craft! No doubt his companions were often brutal ruffians, his skipper a demon of cruelty, the boat a floating hell. That landsman either went overboard to feed the sharks or he came back salted and seasoned, a "die-hard," the equal of the

best of them; one more toughened Englishman to help keep up the tradition of the race. One of the dreadful contingencies the early navigator had to face was the certainty of scurvy. It was not until Captain Cook introduced our modern methods that this frightful scourge was checked. It was a ghastly enemy to face, but an enemy which the seamen knew to be inevitable. In our more flabby times we hear murmurs as to the "use" of Arctic or Antarctic exploration, the "folly" of aviation. The Tudor seaman would have summarized such notions in terse English. The provisioning for a transatlantic cruise was the test of the commander's mettle. The national beverage then was home-brewed beer, and, in the West of England, cider. To men who breakfasted at six and dined at noon, and who drank a quart or two of ale at a sitting, the privation of ship life, in the matter of drink, must have been cruel. How could sufficient liquid of any sort to keep parched throats moist be carried? It is a problem worth following up. At first sight it would seem impossible of solution. Assume a crew of twenty hands, each consuming a quart of water a day, and a voyage lasting three months, allow an equal quantity for evaporation and leakage and for cooking, and stowage would have to be found for 900 gallons, or, say, four tons of water, occupying nearly 150 cubic feet of space. Then, as to food, the potato was almost unknown, and beyond herbs and dried peas and onions there was little relish to be added to the vast stores of salted meat and fish which formed the staple diet at sea. Flour would quite probably be full of weevil and worm.

It must be borne in mind that before Sir Hugh Willoughby's ships were covered with lead, ocean-going craft went unprotected. Hackluyt says that the "worm pearceth and eateth through

the strongest oake." An order of the Lord High Admiral in 1673 for sheathing warships was subsequently objected to, and the practice dropped. Thus the Tudor navigator put to sea in ships probably straining and leaking at every seam. They must soon have carried forests of vegetation and tons of barnacles. Their only chance of ridding themselves of these parasites was an occasional opportunity when the vessel could have run ashore and scoured. Speed must have been pulled down 30 or 40 per cent. It may be presumed that boats so encumbered travelled little better than floating baskets. Dampier tells of a ketch, in which he crossed the Gulf of Mexico, as "not going ahead, but tumbling like an egg-shell in the sea." But the difficulty always present to the early navigator was to know whereabouts he was. The inebriated skipper who, in a heavy gale, brought his clenched fist down on the chart with the remark, "we must be somewhere about here," was precise when compared with the men who tracked wholly unknown sea routes. They had acquired the savage instinct of observation, and it stood them in lieu of charts and instruments such as the modern officer relies upon. It was no idle boast that they "smelt land." Every current and eddy, each shift of wind, and all the phantasms of weather and approaching danger were automatically conveyed to the intelligence of the look-out man or the skipper, just as the bushman sees a thousand indications to which the Englishman at his side is blind. The armory of the ancient navigator enabled him to arrive at a crude approximation as to latitude. The observation of longitude was beyond his range. He took the al-

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titude of the sun with a wooden triangle, like a bricklayer's square, marked to a scale of degrees, "even to minutes," as on contemporary records; his needles were "taught curiously with the best loadstone in England"; also, as one of the old writers remarked with pride, "the poles were marked for fear of mistaking." Dead reckoning was the explorer's sheet anchor. What was the consequence? It was easier to catch a weasel asleep than for the fellow-seamen of Drake and Raleigh to be found napping at the critical moment. They trusted to their own eyes and to the lead. For keenness of observation there have probably never been their equals. It seems doubtful if our naval cadets go to sea early enough nowadays. In Nelson's day they started almost, so to speak, from their cradles.

With the exception of the fights between Spain and the United States, and that between Russia and Japan, both almost walks-over, modern navies are mechanisms untested in actual warfare. When two first-class sea Powers, with navies nearly matched, are pitted together, who can say what may not happen? The whole fighting machine may break down from some unforeseen cause, the human unit may give out. As the size of guns increases, their concussion may prove impossibly severe on the gunner. Flesh and blood, perhaps, will not be able to stand it. The enemy aloft or under the water may overmaster the battleship. Our naval supremacy, on which the existence of the Empire rests, may go out, like the snuff of a candle, when the day of trial comes. The unexpected may happen. It is obvious that the only true line of safety is to drive forward the idea of "a nation in arms."

IRENE MERCER.

The general feeling was that Jane would be more convenient, that Mary made a less demand on the brain, that Ellen had the advantage of having been the title of her immediate predecessors, but she proved stern and adamant in regard to the detail, and the graceful thing to do was to give in for the moment with a secret promise to make an alteration later on. When the time came for revision, it was found that no other title but that of Irene could possibly be given. The name fitted as though she had been measured for it. An impression that it could only belong to stately and slightly offended young women on the pages of sixpenny fashion journals, vanished.

"Previous to me coming here," Irene sometimes explained in the minute and a half given to conversation whilst clearing breakfast, "I was in a business establishment. Two year I put in there, I did, and then my 'ealth give way. Otherwise I should never have dreamt of going into domestic service. I've been used to 'aving my evenings to myself!"

By chance, it was ascertained that the time which elapsed after leaving school had been devoted to a mineral water manufactory: this discovery reflected no credit upon any of the boarders, being indeed the result of a chance remark made by her on seeing a two-horse cart belonging to the firm go through the Square. A closer reticence was shown in regard to her family. Irene did, however, convey, at times, a hint that the members had seen better and more prosperous days, and that distinguished ancestors would betray signs of restlessness did they become aware that she occupied a position that brought in but £12 a year, giving freedom only on Thursday evening and alternate Sunday afternoons. "But we

never know what's in store for us," she remarked, with a touch of fatalism. "It's all ordained, I suppose. What I mean to say is, everything's planned out, only that we don't know it. Just as well, perhaps."

Her appearance in the earlier days gave no signal of noble birth. She wore the corkscrew curls fashionable in her neighborhood, and her efforts in hairdressing ceased at about half way to the back of her head; the rest being a casual knot insecurely tied. Many things go awry in this world, but few were so unlucky as Irene's apron, which appeared to be the sport and play of chance, going to various points of the compass, sometimes becoming fixed due west. She seemed to have a prejudice against safety pins. With her, hooks and eyes lived indiscriminately, and never as precise, well-ordered couples. On first assuming the white cap (against the use of which she made desperate opposition), she wore it rakishly over one eye, and being reproved, answered lightly that this was one of those matters which would be forgotten a hundred years hence. A girl more completely furnished with the easy platitudes that turn away wrath never, surely, existed. In generous mood, she gave them away by the dozen.

"One 'alf of the world doesn't know how the other 'alf lives; it's a poor 'eart that never rejoices: there's none so blind as them that won't see, a bird in the 'and's worth two in the bush, and that's all about it!"

You must not assume that Irene gave up a large amount of her time to conversation. She started work at twenty to seven in the morning, and if half past four in the afternoon found her ready (in her own phrase) to pop upstairs and change, she counted she had scored a victory. After tea came duties of a

more leisurely nature such as ironing, and later still—if luck favored—a brief opportunity for the study of literature. from which she came in such a dazed, confused state of mind, that for the subsequent twenty minutes she could only give answers that possessed a conspicuous amount of incoherence. Those who have seen her with a number of "The Belgravia Novelette" report that her lips moved silently as she read the lines, that her features indicated, unconsciously, the emotions affecting each character: when a lady had to reject the advances of some unwelcome suitor (a frequent occurrence in the world of fiction where Mr. A., liking Miss B., finds this converted into ardent love when she announces she hates him with a hate that can never die), then Irene's face showed stern and uncompromising decision: when a landscape artist proclaimed an affection he had hitherto concealed, her eyes half closed, and her head went gently to and fro.

It is likely the pictures which accompanied these agreeable stories had some influence, although the fact that the people were always in evening dress prevented Irene from imitating every detail. The corkscrew curls, brought forward at each side of the face from a definite and decided parting, were brushed back. Irene was observed one night at about eight, on her return from commissariat duties in connection with the next morning's breakfast, staring earnestly at the head which, in a window, revolved slowly, vanishing and re-appearing with a fixed, haughty smile. A youth came up and made some remarks.

"Don't you address conversation to anyone what you haven't been introduced to," she ordered, warmly.

"Carry your parcel for you?"

"Thanks," replied Irene, "but I don't want to lose it."

The youth, declining to take this as a repulse, followed her, and Irene's mis-

tress reproved her for entering the house at the front door when the area gate was open. The very next day a fresh and daring experiment was made by fixing a white collar around the neck, and this was followed in the evening by a pair of cuffs. She seemed pleased with the general effect, and hastened to answer some knocks and rings at the front door instead of compelling every caller to repeat the summons. One of these she received with great curtness.

"No, the name don't live here."

"Beg pardon!" said a youth's deep voice. "Perhaps I've got it wrong."

"Quite likely. Judging from your appearance."

"Doing any shopping to-night, miss?"

Her mistress appealed to her by name, and she closed the door, explaining a few minutes later that she could not help feeling sorry for the poor fellows who had to sell combs and hair-brushes; at the same time, they had no right to annoy people who had work to do beside answering knocks. Later, her mistress asked her to refrain from singing. Irene's voice would never have taken her to the concert platform, but her theory of music was so excellent that it may be worth while to give some particulars here. When affairs of the world went crooked, with her mistress temporarily short in temper, streets becoming muddy directly that the front step had been whitened, disaster on the stairs with a breakfast tray, then Irene selected airs of the cheeriest description, bursting into:

When Jones, my friend, came round to me,

He said, "Will you go on the spree?"

I answered "Yes, of course I will,
That is, if you will pay the bill."

and other songs of a rollicking nature. On the other hand, when the world went smoothly and nothing happened of a contrary nature and her mistress had given her an egg with her tea, then

Irene's voice came lugubriously up from the basement:

Oh I ne'er shall see my loved one any
mower,
For I'm leaving her and Britain's gal-
lant shower,
Though my tears are gently falling, yet
I hear her voice a-calling,
But I ne'er shall see my loved one any
mower.

Changes had, as mentioned, been coming over the girl, but they proved more obvious at the period when the young man referred to adopted the procedure of waiting outside the house of an evening, sometimes offering three stamps with the foot near the railings, sometimes giving a whistle, sometimes playing on the railings a mandoline solo, sometimes, after a wait of three quarters of an hour, affecting in an ostentatious way to leave—when all other plans had failed—and bringing Irene up the steps of the area at a run, and with a call of "Hi!"

The interesting detail about the acquaintance was the perfect and complete decision arrived at, without delay, by Irene. Other girls, in like case, would probably have assumed an attitude of indifference in speaking of their young man; might have suggested that they would require much persuasion before consenting to give their hand; would certainly have conveyed the impression that the capture of their heart was a task not easily effected. Irene, from a fortnight after the meeting outside the hairdresser's shop, made no attempt to hide the fact that she fully intended to marry Mr. Easter. I have often wondered whether he made a formal proposal, or whether it was assumed on both sides that this could be taken for granted: there are some matters on which one cannot interrogate a lady, and, if she does not give the information spontaneously, the particulars have to be guessed. In other respects, there seemed no reason to complain of

want of candor. Irene chaffed herself quite openly. If she forgot to furnish a cup and saucer with a spoon:

"That's the worst of being in love!"

If she omitted to place the toastrack on the breakfast table:

"Sooner I get married and settled down the better for all parties!"

Irene, on the Sunday afternoon when he proposed to take her for the first time to see his people, started out looking like a composite photograph, for every lady in the boarding house, from her mistress in the basement and upward, had made some loan or gift, and many of the adornments had a familiar appearance. No one could blame her for opening the striped parasol, although the sun was absent; a muff carried by the other hand and wrist showed that no weather would find her unprepared. Young Easter stood at the corner of the first turning, and, in his case, a necktie showed a vivacious spirit of adventure. A row of white caps watched from area railings as they met, noted that a bowler hat was lifted, polite offer to carry the muff, consultation regarding the method of conveyance. They went off arm in arm, Irene dancing in the effort to keep step, and anyone, starting out five minutes later, could have followed the scent, and tracked both to the destination by the combined odor of lavender water and eau de cologne.

"Oh, yes," reported Irene, the next day. "I can always make myself at 'ome with strangers. The old lady—his mother—seemed inclined to be a bit stand-offish at the start, but I said something pleasant about the jam and after that—well, you can generally get over 'em with a little artfulness. Tact is everything in this world. Besides, civility costs nothing. At any rate, he seemed satisfied."

A new independence of manner appeared, but only on Friday mornings, and this was probably due to the in-

creased conceit effected by young Easter's compliments of the night before. Her curtness towards messengers from shops on these occasions was painful to regard: postmen offering remarks as she knelt at the steps in the early hours went on with the abashed air of those who have incurred severe reproof.

A dramatic shock came when the month's notice had nearly expired, that must have reinforced the girl's confidence in "The Belgravia Novelette," and its amazing habit of altering the situation by the wave of a fairy wand. She made a slight blunder by reading the letter without any exhibition of an agonized mind, but a moment's consideration remedied this, and, if all I heard was true, she eventually overdid the tragic intensity required.

"Oh heavens!" she murmured brokenly. "Oh my! Oh dear! Has it come to this? What is there to live for now? Oh! I think I shall go out of my mind!"

"Be quiet, child!" ordered her mistress, sharply, "You'll make yourself ill if you go on like this."

"Oh go away and leave me to die. Oh, only leave me alone! Frank, Frank!"

"If you carry on in this fashion," declared her mistress, "I shall simply take you by the shoulders and give you a thorough good shaking. That's what I shall give to you, miss!"

"Read it, ma'am, read it, read it!"

Her mistress, having complied with this request, assured her that, so far as she could understand, the letter contained important news, but nothing to justify the hysterical outburst. Irene, recovering partial serenity of manner, explained, and the other, reading the letter again, admitted there was something in the girl's view, and that the fact of young Easter being taken into partnership by an uncle whose health was failing, might well result in the breaking off of the engagement. The

two found common ground in condemning the variability of man, and the pernicious influence of success upon some minds. The girl gave a brief rehearsal of her share in the interview that was to take place that evening, from which it appeared that young Easter would have little to do but listen, to mumble ineffective excuses, to retire finally carrying the knowledge that Irene would not now consent to marry him, though he should come to her on hands and knees.

"Let him 'ave it straight, I will!" cried Irene. "They can't play about and make a fool of me. They may think they can, but I'll jolly soon let 'em know they've made a mistake. Shan't talk much, mind you, but what I do say will go right 'ome. Least said, soonest mended!"

It was expected she would return within twenty minutes after leaving the house; instead, ten o'clock struck as her knock came, and this was not her usual single knock, but represented the music of a triumphant dance. The fault for imagining disaster she imputed to her mistress, who seemed to lack the gift of comprehending a well and clearly expressed letter. Mr. Easter had no idea of backing out of the engagement; on the contrary he wished her, in the new circumstances, to make some more elaborate investments at certain of the best shops in the neighborhood, and this represented his uncle's desire as well as his own.

Irene's mistress tells me she had given up all thoughts and hopes of seeing her again when, being away in the north of London, and desiring to return with all despatch, she managed by standing in front of a conveyance to stop it. Passengers on the left reluctantly made room: the young woman next to whom she sat down begged pardon coldly, and carefully shielded skirts. Recognition came.

"What a very small world it is!" said

Irene, in a high voice. "How most extraordinary you and I should run across each other again! And tell me," condescendingly. "you are getting on pretty well? So glad! What a great convenience these motor omnibuses must be to poor people; I suppose you

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often travel in them. Do you know, I couldn't get a taxi when I wanted one just now, couldn't get one for love or money. My husband will be so annoyed when I tell him about it. I get out here. Three At Homes to go to. Good bye!"

W. Pett Ridge.

A LETTER FROM SENS.

BY SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

. . . There was talk of you here to-day; the Vardy-Robsons have been here awhile—what a sensible second wife she makes him, by the bye. Now they have motored into the Morvan, and to-night I am alone. Our talk of you brought you to heart again, and so, with hours to fill in between dinner and bed, what pleasanter pastime than write you an old-fashioned long letter, the sort they say is never written now?

I suppose it will be sent on to you, wherever you are—this is foolish thin paper, I hope it may last the journey out. I imagine you at the flap of some Arabian tent, parched with a thirst you might give the world for if you were here at Sens. Why aren't you? Why travel so Orientally? Chewing some leathery Eastern dish or other, you will be, the night this reaches you: I have just dined off the real thing, the *cuisine française* that is French. And this is Burgundy—*burgundy*, Tantalus!—do you understand? What stuff have you crammed into your hookah? My cigar's no *londres*, though I brought it from London myself. So here I sit beatified—why aren't you with me? Gad, we would fleet the time carelessly, and warm the cockles of our hearts in a friendly swarthy, if you were! I think you never came here even once, in all your travels, did you? You wander so confoundedly far. Why not stick to Europe, as I do, travelling in miniature; and to Western Europe at that? O

Sheikh of Little Egypt, the best lies always near us, did we know.

You will think I come to Sens rather often. I do. A fantastic association of ideas sends me here, or tries to, every time I walk down Whitehall. I see red uniforms reflected in silver drums or cuirasses at the Horse Guards, and I think of the Rue du Tambour d'Argent at Sens. Ever since I saw a winter sunset on the Yonne here, that is, years ago; color I tried to put on canvas and couldn't—flamboyant reds among sheeny grays. One of the many pictures I *meant* to paint.

Which is why the hue of the King's livery, reflected in mirrors of metal at Whitehall, despatches me to Sens, totally or mentally, every time. Sens is such an unspooled bit of Old France; Sens frames my mental pictures so well for me—and so much depends on a frame. Corner of the Rue du Tambour d'Argent this afternoon I must have stood ten minutes regarding a picture-framer's shop. Not that the things in the window were worth even stealing, but I so like the word and idea *encadreur*. "Carver and gilder" is not bad, when you see it above small-paned old shop-windows in London sometimes; but—to be "Duroc, Encadreur"! I almost wish my father had made me an *encadreur*. What taste I might show, and what a useful herald-like function discharge! To frame and proclaim!—"you follow me?" as

young Oxford men used to say twenty years ago; I make a demnition horrid mess of every picture I paint, but I know how to choose a frame. The mere name of the street I went through this afternoon is a scarlet-and-silver frame.

Rue du Tambour d'Argent! Romance in that name, don't you think? And color, and music, and war—the old-fashioned war. You have seen service; I tasted the idea historically only, and mine must be the courtly, eighteenth century, King's hunting-party kind o' war, an you please! Not wholesale—not very, very gory—not diabolically scientific. Mars armed with high explosives!—give me the stately old kind of battling that went leisurly about Brabant ere Valmy happened, or Buonaparte forced the pace, or Moltke inhumanly schemed. I regard conscription or universal service tolerantly now that I am too old to carry arms; but give me the fine old Condéan, minuet-like, gavottish style of taking the field—

Gravement, noblement, on s'avance—

Rue du Tambour d'Argent war. Can't you hear the *réveille* in that name? The patter of drumsticks, gentle as rain, and then swelling up into a trample of horse? And the clarions sounding, the bits a-champing, blue banners with golden lilies flying, and Turenne come to marshal the brave!

This old Rue of mine is a somnolent thoroughfare now, which takes its ease like an elder, in its own shadow, and nods away the hours which belong to the sun. A beck of water goes purling down it, which always seems the same water, though nothing else is the same. The past is most of it past; only such a futile imagination as mine, I suppose, can hear the silver drum throb down the Rue du Tambour d'Argent, *obligato* to cathedral bursts of psalm. Not in the flesh again shall Sourdeval the

tambour-major strut drumming along to the pedimented archway, whence Babette, trim, jaunty, and pert, would peep out for a jest and an embrace. Babette, Sourdeval, the red shine of the drum . . . I do not evoke them—I see them, I'm sure they lived. Sourdeval would be the famous tambour-major of the Royal Burgundy Regiment, smart in his tri-cornered hat, spats and gauntlets of blanchéd leather, and white uniform braided with red! Poor Babette was maid to Madame la Maréchale, commander of the Commandant of Sens. One roll of the silver drum in that street this afternoon and . . . I protest, sometimes it seems as if only one magical word needs uttering for all the fair Bourbon past to re-live. . . .

Some of it lives on still; neither guillotines nor Napoleons could kill the old France quite. Its *fleurs-de-lis* re-flower in strange places—I think it is Paul Bourget who tells of a Kentucky millionaire who “fancied that crest,” and had the arms of St. Louis painted on his motor-car. But what I am thinking of is a story which Villiers de l'Isle-Adam used to tell. It was in 1871, on the very anniversary of the day when, tambours rolling all around the scaffold, Louis XVI. brought bravely to an end his existence as a stupid man, that the Paris flag of yielding went up, and presently Jules Favre must pass through the Prussian outposts to sign the capitulation within the Palace of Versailles. The irony of it! In that palace, a frame for pictures of French victories in Germany, the King of Prussia had been proclaimed German Emperor *urbi et orbi* ten days before, the ghosts of Louis XIV. and Napoleon protesting in vain!

Well, the Frenchman's faltering claims and extenuations had been roughly disposed of, and Bismarck, stooping to the parchment, wrote in the final words—so Villiers de l'Isle-

Adam used to say. "In witness whereof the undersigned have set their seals and signatures hereto. Done at Versailles this 28th day of January, 1871 A.D." The Chancellor scrawled his name, used the new Imperial seal, and turned to Favre. But the Frenchman boggled and stammered—it was inexcusable of him, but he had forgotten to bring the seal of the Republic!—could a messenger be sent to Paris for it at once?

"No need to wait—use your own signet, Monsieur!" Bismarck was pointing to a ring on Favre's finger, and the Frenchman tingled with a sudden remembrance, for Naundorff had given him that ring. Favre had been Naundorff's advocate-at-bar, and really believed the Perkin Warbeck from Silesia to be son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and lineal king of France. Perhaps he was, too. The setting of the ring enclosed an opal, with the Bourbon blazon cut intaglio, the "*trois fleurs-de-lis sur champ d'azur*"; thus did the lilies re-flower again. You have lived in the East too much not to believe in Kismet; Favre did that day when, stooping and shaking, to the capitulation of Paris he, the envoy of a Republic, set the seal of the Bourbons, in the very perdition of a Napoleon's fall.

Sens is one of the towns which these French vicissitudes seem to have left little changed. But even here fine bits of Old France die out from time to time. The Carmelite convent in the Rue du Tambour d'Argent stands empty and shuttered today; it is to become a distillery, I hear. MM. Combes and Briand have acted strenuously, and Theresa's nuns are gone to Brazil, I am told. Grieve with me a little, Mahometan though you be at heart; even a muezzin might laud a Theresa, the sanest of mystics and most sensible of saints. I'm a Protestant myself, and decline to believe that "a violet

odor and a fragrant oil distilled from her tomb," but she was never a distiller of Chartreuse, or Benedictine, or "Rhum des Saints-Pères," nor of sanctimonious melancholy either. She could laugh, good creature, and I dare say grew fat. "Mirth is from God," she taught, "and dulness is from the devil." Also, in an age when dirt was supposed to spell devoutness, she was daintily clean. "Wash!" she commanded her disciples; can't you see 'em stare? It was she who introduced soap into Spain very like. Her nuns had to handle the besom and scrubber as much as the breviary and rosary almost—the soul of a Dutch *mevrouw* must have animated that daughter of Castille—a transmigration from one of the villages near Delft, where they holystone the insides of the chimneys. And it was all to be done to God's glory; "God dwells in the scullery too," she said, driving the nuns out of chapel. I wish she had founded a lay Order of Dishwives; I suppose no experienced traveller ever allows himself a glance into a kitchen abroad.

Well, they are gone, Theresa's nuns are gone; I could better have spared a phalanstery of friars. They are gone across the Atlantic. But wherever they be to-night, safe in port or ill upon the swaying ocean, they will be praying for you and me. Let us think nicely of them for that. The best of Santa Theresa's doctrine was its unselfishness. A nun was not to be votive and ascetic for her own sake only—she was to renounce the world for the sake of the world. Carmelites mainly bent upon their own spiritual education were unworthy Carmelites, Theresa told them. And that is why to-night and every night the daughters of her doctrine supplicate and agonize for you and me. Especially from ten to eleven they do it, for that is the hour when evil most wakes and prepares, the poor innocents are told.

"Ten!" says the cloister-clock—four bells it will be in the first night-watch, won't it?—if the sisters are still at sea. "Ten! Now the spirit of evil is abroad!" The Carmelite women kneel in the gloom and seem to see nocturnal legions, the vast insidious array of Apollyon, *antiquus hostis*, crowding up in a stealthy night-march to conquer the world. Even as your friends the Paynim did, in the days when Teresa's forbears warred Spain against the Moors. The nuns almost see the turbans, the sooty malevolent eyes, the moustachios curving above the wicked smiles. And they tremble for a world about to succumb.

They tremble, but they fight; they supplicate while they shiver; weary and sleepy in their wintry chapels, knees bruised on the flagstones, hair-shirts torturing, they plead and agonize for you and me. Till presently, while the abnegatory prayers go up like perfume, their shut eyes see Satanic hosts recoil; for wherever the stealthy march encounters a knot of praying women some necromantic squadron must waver, break, and retreat. That is the Carmelitic faith, at any rate, and it sends the sisters to their cells rejoicing, that they have been privileged to shield some of us who else must have been overwhelmed. Maybe: who knows?—

Puisqu' ici-bas toute âme
Donne à quelqu'un
Sa musique, sa flamme
Ou son parfum—

perhaps the all-night revellers at Montmartre have been less "gay" than they would have been but for that, don't you think? If the Carmelite belief be only a dream, it is surely a dream sublime.

Charles Dickens would have clapped his hands for Theresa. He, too, in his own good way, fought against filth and evil, as brother to all the world. I mention him here, because here he

came—you must have read his account of it; I found a first-edition copy of his "Pictures from Italy" in the market place at Cambridge the other day. In the joy of his young success he came posting through France, generously spending louis: he would see the Yonne, that wide white water which lately flooded Paris—but you won't have read of that yet! He would see the low bridges, and the mist above them, the tree-tops standing out of the vapor, a Corot! Yes, and the sunlight on the tree-tops, and the cathedral climbing cloudward in the unachieved effort of its tower. How different this from Southwark and Fleet Street, he would think; and then—but I will quote; the book is here, they have brought it me proudly: "The carriage begins to rattle and roll over a horribly uneven pavement" into the *banlieue* of Sens, and then "round the corner, up the street"—Rue du Tambour d'Argent—and so into St. Etienne's precincts, until "here we are in the yard of the Hôtel de l'Ecu d'Or."

Louis Philippe is gone, Louis Napoleon is gone, the Carmelite nuns are gone, Dickens is gone; but still, I assure you, "the landlady of the Hôtel de l'Ecu d'Or is here; and the landlord of the Hôtel de l'Ecu d'Or is here; and a gentleman in a glazed cap, with a red beard like a bosom friend, who is staying at the Hôtel de l'Ecu d'Or is here." still here. For the inn has hardly changed. Automobiles roll up to it now instead of travelling-chaises; but still after dinner, "under the balcony the inferior servants of the inn are supping in the open air at a great table; the dish, a stew of meat and vegetables, smoking hot, and served in the iron cauldron it was boiled in." The courtyard still frames that scene. "They have a pitcher of thin wine, and are very merry; merrier than the gentleman with the red beard who is playing billiards in the light

room on the left of the yard, where shadows, with cues in their hands and cigars in their mouths, cross and recross the window constantly." I broke the balls in that room to-day.

Transient phantoms we wanderers are, even the longest-legged of us! What permanent mark do you leave, even you, by your "toiling in immeasurable sand"? Shadows we are, that cross a lit window, cue in hand and cigar in mouth, *insouciant*, though two eternities enwrap us. Wheels we are, of which the roll and rattle soon die out upon the distant road into the immeasurable quiet. Life, don't you think, is a *camera obscura*, we tripping on across the canvas and out of the circular frame; the eye of the great En-cadreur looking down all the while. He continually fits, not the frame to the picture, but a new picture to the frame. We leave some ghastly traces, however; so that "still the thin Curé walks up and down alone, with his book and umbrella," as he did when Dickens flitted by. "And there he walks, and there the billiard-balls rattle, long after we are fast asleep"—in the vast brown bed of earth. So, too, in the Rue du Tambour d'Argent to-night a ghostly drum will begin to throb, very

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like, and Babette shall trip out, a form as faint and gray-green as a Corot willow, mournfully to smile at Sourdeval.

It is getting late; I yawn—do you? But if I search for a candle all the ghosts in this old room will sway and shiver; if I am motionless they may live on till cockcrow, poor beggars, perhaps. Good-night. Shall I ever say "Good-morrow!" to you again? When do you get back to London? Maybe I shall never return to Sens. But I shall remember it always—here and hereafter, I'm hoping—as a ghost or as one of the redeemed; there can be no heavenly Heaven in which one's pleasantest days on earth are quite forgot. Sens, the broad Yonne in September, pale-green lights in the placid water, the bland poplars tressed in gold. And the inn, the cathedral, the Rue du Tambour d'Argent—I hope I shall eternally remember them all. Yes, and I'll warrant you, sometimes in that gleeful heaven where he now must be, Charles Dickens remembers them, with that exquisite kind of joy which is slightly sad. . . .

Such was the letter which John Oliver, R.I., sent to Major Mackister, R.E.

THE REVOLUTION IN PORTUGAL.

The revolution in Portugal is an event which may conceivably have grave consequences, and profoundly affect the general European situation. Before, however, discussing this aspect of the matter, it may be as well to state one or two considerations which, though obvious in themselves, may very possibly be overlooked. In the abstract it matters nothing to the people of this country whether the Portuguese have a Republic or a Monarchy, a King or a President. We have neither

the right nor the wish to dictate the form of government to be selected by our neighbors. Though we have chosen the Monarchical system for ourselves, we can be as friendly with a Republic as with a Kingdom, with France and Switzerland and the United States as with the Empires and Kingdoms of the Continent. Again, we are no blind worshippers of the *status quo*. It is not our concern if States like to change their form of government. As long as they carry out the change with

a proper respect for the dictates of civilization, their action is not our business. But though we have no right to protest against revolution *per se*, even if revolution leads to civil war, we have a right to protest against assassination. For example, we had no right to object to a change of dynasty in Servia, but ample right to protest against the cruel butchery, which took place in the palace of Belgrade. We admit that such protests may not be of any great avail, but still they undoubtedly do have some effect. A revolutionary Government always wishes to get itself recognized by the Great Powers, and the fact that such recognition is not easily obtained from Britain by Governments which have pursued methods of barbarism undoubtedly gives a certain incentive to revolutionaries to act with humanity.

Beyond this, the main principle which we ought to follow, and no doubt shall follow in the present instance, is that the question of internal government is the affair of each nation, and that no other nation has any claims to interfere as long as its essential interests and the rights and persons of its subjects are respected. Not only abstract considerations, but considerations of expediency, forbid one nation to dictate to another. Whenever such interference has been attempted it has failed, as in the case of the French Revolution, or has merely led to the conquest of the nation interfered with. National independence and national sovereignty are absolute conditions and cannot be enjoyed with limitations. The nation which has to submit to dictation in its internal affairs thereby ceases to be independent and loses its sovereignty.

It is greatly to be hoped that whatever way things go in Portugal they will go quickly, and that there will not be an interval of anarchy in which it will be doubtful whether Republican or

Monarchical institutions are to win the day. The dangers of a period of suspense and the consequent anarchy are visible from many points of view. In the first place, such movements are catching. But unquestionably if the Portuguese revolution were made the ground for a revolutionary attempt in Spain, the results might be most serious. They would involve a much larger area of territory, a much greater population, and the final result, whichever way it went, would be likely to be long delayed. More important, however, is the fact that Portugal is not a self-contained State, but is possessed of large oversea dependencies. To put the matter quite frankly, Portugal has not governed her dependencies well, and any Power or Powers anxious to take possession of them might make out a very good case that the time has now come when they should pass into other hands. But though there are no doubt strong grounds for saying that Portugal does not make the best use of her splendid colonial possessions, but—as, for example, by permitting slavery and slave-trading—manages them exceedingly ill, it is very doubtful whether any friend of peace could just now wish to see an alteration in the *status quo*. A scramble for the possessions of Portugal might very well lead to a European war, while, again, proposals for a peaceful partition might have equally bad results. The attempt to accomplish such a partition would be almost sure to end in declarations that this or that State had got more than her fair share. While the condition of Europe is so critical, every wise man is as far as possible a supporter of things as they are,—of keeping matters quiet and unmoved. Experience shows that peace can be maintained under the existing distribution of power and territory, for it has been so maintained during the last ten years. Who knows whether a similar miracle would take

place under new and different conditions?

But though there must be immense dangers in any alteration of the *status quo*, there are dangers equally great in refusing to face the possibility that, owing to internal troubles, Portugal may prove too weak to hold her colonial possessions, or, to put it in another way, that anarchy at home and the dissolution of the Central Government may cause risings and conditions of unrest in Angola, Benguela, and Mozambique which may provide other Powers with an excuse for interfering, or, as they would say, may oblige them to protect their interests. That being so, it is undoubtedly the duty of our statesmen, and of all who are influencing public opinion here, to consider at any rate the main conditions of the problem. The chief colonial possessions of Portugal are, of course, situated in Africa. On the West Coast Portugal holds the huge provinces of Angola and Benguela, provinces of evil renown, since, in spite of her fair words and good intentions, she has allowed slave-trading and slave-raiding to become rampant on the mainland, and a system of plantation slavery to grow up on the cocoa islands of San Thomé and Príncipe. The neighbors of the provinces of Angola and Benguela are the Germans to the south, the French Congo and the Congo Free State to the north and north-east, and Rhodesia to the east, though no frontier-line has ever been drawn between Rhodesia and the Portuguese possessions. Indeed, some maps mark a white patch of "no man's land" in this region. Mozambique, the other great African possession of Portugal, is on the East African coast, and stretches from Delagoa Bay on the south to Cape Delgado on the north, and includes the mouths of the Zambezi. The province is not only large in extent, but also of very great natural wealth. But the Portuguese,

though they have possessed it for nearly five hundred years, have made a diminishing rather than an increasing use of its resources. Portugal's neighbors here are German East Africa to the north, and to the west and south Rhodesia and British Central Africa. In addition, Portugal owns the island of Maderia and the Azores, the Cape Verde Islands, and a settlement in Guinea. Madeira and the Azores count as European and as parts of Portugal. Also she holds in India the ancient but now utterly dead city of Goa. Macao, however, her settlement in China, is, owing to its geographical position, of much greater importance; while Portuguese Timor, the eastern portion of that island, might probably prove of great commercial value in other and more active hands.

It will be seen from these facts that if Portugal were to enter upon a period of anarchy, and were to afford an excuse for the contention that she was unable to control her over-sea possessions, endless disputes might arise over the question of ownership. [Curiously enough, the matter would not be complicated by any question over the Monroe doctrine, as there are no Portuguese possessions within its sphere of influence.] We can only say that it is most devoutly to be hoped that, whatever course events take, the situation will be so rapidly regularized that Portugal will give no temptation to any one to raise the question whether she is fit to hold an over-sea Empire. For ourselves, we wish well to Portugal, and should be glad to see her, whether as a Republic or a Monarchy, in a position to continue her traditional relations with this country. Certainly we want none of her territory.

Here, however, a matter arises which we cannot pass over even though it may seem somewhat unfriendly to introduce its discussion at this moment. If the Republic finally triumphs in

Portugal, as would seem to be likely, it will have to ask recognition of Britain. We would urge Sir Edward Gray very strongly to use this opportunity to obtain a clear undertaking from the *de facto* Government of Portugal that the conditions of slavery prevailing in the cocoa islands shall cease, and with it the slave-trading which now disgrace the West African possessions of Portugal. Portugal is already bound to us by Treaty to put an end to slavery and the slave trade, and unless we allow her to relieve herself from carrying out these obligations by altering the name but not the thing—*i.e.*, merely by calling slaves indentured laborers—we have a right to see that this Treaty is carried out. Hitherto when strong action has been demanded we have been told that our Government dare not take such action. If they did, it has been urged, they would precipitate a revolution in Portugal. But the revo-

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lution has now come, and therefore this excuse for doing nothing falls to the ground. What unquestionably we ought to do is to withhold recognition from the new Government till we have obtained assurances—which, to judge by an outline of their programme set forth in the *Daily News* of Friday, no difficulty should be found in obtaining—that the Portuguese flag shall no longer be disgraced by protecting slave-traders and slave-raiders from the treatment which we accord such persons in the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf. A Republican Government which on the face of it stands for liberty and enlightenment could hardly refuse such a promise, or expect us, the promise having been made, not to insist upon its being kept in the spirit as well as the letter. Sir Edward Gray has a great opportunity to strike a blow against slavery, and we sincerely hope that he may seize it.

CHILL OCTOBER.

There is a time of year that defies all the stock definitions of the seasons for it partakes of all of them. It is not summer, for the summer is long since over and gone, but it has some of summer's sweetest attributes; it is not autumn, though it comes in the autumn season, for autumn is maternal, stately, well-preserved, and this season has, in addition to these fading gifts, a touch of witchery that is not maternal; it is not winter, and yet it is often colder than winter—chill, pitiless, melancholy; it is not spring, and yet the children behave—listen to the *timbre* of their voices—exactly as if it were spring, and so do violets and primroses and lovers and other inexperienced creatures. Chill October men call it, but they might as well call it by many a pleasanter name: it is truly the season of

the Hunter's moon. In no season of the year is the landscape and the sky-scape so various, so beautiful. Spring and summer have their colors that fill us with joy; but the weeks before the first real frost have their more glorious colors in an abundant amplitude that defy the pen and the brush. Nature, aware of its impending and natural decay, puts forth a luxuriance of growth, a brilliancy of coloring, a splendor of life, a prodigality of invention, hitherto unknown in the passage of the year. Even the grass vies with its spring achievement and richly lies in hedgerow and field adorned with the diamonds of the dew. But it is the color that fills the heart with wonder, and the very freshness of the air and the buoyancy of Nature creates a sense of interest and idealism before unknown.

Look down from some green swelling height over the land, and then the cry of Shelley comes into the heart. There can be no waste here. This splendid scene is not doomed to death, to extinction. The heart hears—

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

The landscape is alive with hope. The great clean fields with their infinite variety of rich tints are in themselves heart-cheering.

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,

This autumn morning! How he sets his bones

To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet

For the ripple to run over in its mirth.

On this brown setting stand the great staid rows of amber and golden stacks of sweet-scented hay and corn: veritable gold, marketable in the heart as in the mart. But the hedgerows that frame the amber and gold defy all staidness; they are wildly luxuriant in every gradation of green and red leaves with flowers of innumerable tints hastening to display their delicate beauty before the sickle of the frost-man comes and lays them low. The hedgerow is one of early October's many wonders. The birds have a spring-like busyness about them. They are enjoying the fruits in due season and are not ashamed to show it; and the fruits themselves, the sloe and blackberry and the dewberry and the hips and haws vie with columbine and a myriad wild flowers to blush from deepest purple to delicatest pink, to blush for the insolence of chilly evenings that heed them not. And the little ground folk, from the tiny and humble harvest and field mice to the fierce and lordly weasels and the great corn-fed rats, are busy to a degree that puts shame into the hearts of men. Everything is alive in

the acutest fashion. There is no sad winter to look back upon, and so there is none of the sadness of spring. There is an abundance of food, of sunshine, of water, and there is no time to lose. In the hedgerows, if one but used one's own eyes, there are eyes at every turn; queer, shy, suspicious eyes of bird and mouse, stoat, rat and rabbit. The skylark is watching the open field from its giddy height, presently to fall, for the lark almost literally falls to earth, in search of dinner ever waiting to be served. The carrion crow, villainous-looking rogue that he is, stalks about on the same quest. It is the quest of all, and it is always dinner-time. But there is also the social side of life in these brisk days. I crept up on an open common the other day to within four or five yards of a post-prandial party of some four-and-twenty rooks. They had done eating, and were talking in a quiet, chatty way and cleaning their bills, and their blue-black coats shone with comfort. They had not even the usual sentry on watch, and departed with annoyed alacrity, in orderly fashion through the blue, on discovering at last the curious intruder. Richard Jefferies, in his essay "Just before Winter," dwells on this late activity of Nature. He gives a list of flowers gathered in a lane a week or two later than the period now spoken of.

A red dead-nettle, a mauve thistle, white and pink bramble flowers, a white strawberry, a little yellow tormentil, a broad yellow dandelion, narrow hawkweeds, and blue scabious, are all in flower in the lane. Others are scattered on the mounds and in the meads adjoining, where may be collected some heath still in bloom, prunella, hypericum, white yarrow, some heads of red clover, some beautiful buttercups, three bits of blue veronica, wild chamomile, tall yellowweed, pink centaury, succory, dock cress, daisies, flea bane, knapweed, and delicate blue harebells. Two York roses flower on

the hedge: altogether twenty-six flowers, a large bouquet for October 19th, gathered, too in a hilly country.

But a fortnight earlier there is a greater luxuriance, even a rankness of growth, an insolence of prosperity, that extends throughout Nature, if we except the forest trees. Mr. Jefferies' description of the trees should be carefully noted:—

A rich tint of russet deepened on the forest top, and seemed to sink day by day deeper into the foliage like a stain; riper and riper it grew, as an apple colors. Broad acres these of the last crop, the crop of leaves; a thousand thousand quarters, the broad earth will be their barn. A warm red lies on the hillside above the woods, as if the red dawn stayed there through the day; it is the heath and heather seeds; and, higher still, a pale yellow fills the larches. The whole of the great hill glows with color under the short hours of the October sun; and overhead, where the pine-cones hang, the sky is of the deepest azure. The conflagration of the woods burning luminously crowds into those short hours a brilliance the slow summer does not know.

Jefferies was a wonderful observer of Nature: a poet-naturalist of absolutely the first rank, and his description of the days "just before winter" are true to the last touch. But these days possess only the aftermath of the first days of the month, at any rate in English districts somewhat south of the Jefferies' area. The trees have been thinning for at least a month, but from a distance this loss is hardly, if at all, observable. The loss in quantity is, indeed, more than compensated by the gain in depth and variety of color. The forested hill is a veritable wall of deep green, flashed with various bright reliefs; here a light green verging into mellowness; there a noble crimson of the veritable sunset hue. Moreover, if there is a garden near by, the brilliancy of the sunflower and the dahila will

add new unexpected tints to the rich quietude of the leafy hillside, while an apple orchard of late fruits adds again fresh beauty to a picture, where all life is "filled with ripeness to the core." The thick trees give the sense of comfort. A meadow with well and gaily-clad woods half surrounding it, is enclosed with a warmth of protection that gives a sense of indefinable beauty in the noon of a glorious October day, while as the early evening falls there accumulates in the woodland edges of the meadow a sense of mystery, telling the heart that here are gathered together in their last retreat the elves of England making merry with tiny chant and dancing rings, heedless of winter and glad with the last gladness of summer. In summer elves and gnomes are pleasing fictions; but in autumn, when the twilight falls and the moon reveals mysteries in forest aisles and upland lawns, the elf cannot be dispensed with. If he is not here we must invent him, Puck and all his crew. And there, too, in very truth, (as Jefferies knew) the gipsies are certainly gathered, devouring, by the crispest of fires, daintily baked hedgehogs and cutlets from the toothsome grass snake, with other creatures less willingly acknowledged.

Yet the very end of fruitfulness is near, and (as the gipsy fire suggests) it is autumn in the comfortable sense no longer so far as man is concerned. The leaves are falling too fast for Autumn, that neat matron, to tolerate. She would gladly call it winter, so chill are the evenings. Yet the Hunter's moon creates scenes of beauty not else to be found in the fair round of England's pictured year. In the last days of September the moon, with its great solemn saffron face, casts mystic golden tints across the dying evening light on hidden tarns and ponds, and over endless acres of meadow and woodland ways. There is no tint so wonderful as

that cast by this late autumn moon, the very glow of harvest cast on the twilight land. The scene expands into illimitable domains of *faerie*, and he must be a chilly mortal indeed who cannot stand and watch entranced the moving light and shadow as the great enchantress creeps up into the sky. From such a scene we turn to the autumn fireside, glad of the cheery blaze, but full of tenderest thoughts for the mystic beauty of the departing year that has been (grumble as deep as we will) so prodigal in its blessings to the sons of men. Morning and evening are chilly; but the morning, like the evening, is full of wonder. With very early day the land shakes off the dream of coming winter and hangs out its colors, deepened even since last night, for all the world to see. The air is fresh and joyous for these are "halycon days." The streams

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run with a jollity unknown to summer. Even yet the spiders cover the hedgerows with late diamond sprinkled, the despair of the looms of man; the gray dew on the meadows carries a tint unknown to earlier or later morns, while the sky emulates the invention of the earth in the variety of its cloud pictures; in the stateliness of its cumuli, the delicacy of its cirri, in the glory of its early hues. The sky has, indeed, its own peculiar characteristics for each season, and perhaps its most entrancing aspect is when, on a quiet October evening before moonrise, there are no clouds but sufficient moisture to give the delicatest sunset on the world, fading into pale quietude of apple green and clearest blue, over solemn meadows as the stars prick out and the great trees are transformed into mystic figures outlined on the sky.

THE MIND OF ST. PAUL.

It is no easy task, though it cannot be said to be one without interest, to try to discover how another man thinks. What he thinks, he will tell you, with words or without them; whether he wishes you to know or not, is not always of consequence; you will know, if it matters to you to know, or if the man matters. But how he thinks is a different question.

From the days of Socrates with his *diamonian* (whatever it was) there have been men whose best thoughts seem to come from without—"monitions" or "stops." Stephen Grellet had "monitions" to do this or do that; he obliged, and, later on, cause appeared. At least this sometimes followed, and in such cases an instance where an irrational impulse (as some would say) or a monition (as Grellet and others would put it), which is in the end justified by circumstances unknown at the mo-

ment, counts more than a dozen that come to nothing. Other men again never seem to themselves to decide to do anything. Slowly out of a mist of indistinct considerations something emerges to be done—not with any clamant insistence about it, but nothing else seems obvious; the man takes this course, and is justified in the end. There seems to be a wide gulf between the two types—one man, hit by a thought as if by a bullet; the other, conscious of no special guidance, but somehow finding himself doing the right thing.

There cannot be many books in which a man unveils his processes of thought with such vividness and interest as Bunyan does in his "Grace Abounding" and his "Pilgrim's Progress." The exhibition of the mere action of his own mind was no intention of his in writing; and hence the clear

picture he gives of it is the more convincing. Faithfully and steadily he sets forth the story of his conversion and his long wrestle with many strange temptations. The temptations take various forms. "Satan strongly suggested," we are told, and then again Bunyan's "thoughts" did "roar and bellow within me like masterless hell-hounds." Satan was obviously not John Bunyan; were the thoughts that "roared and bellowed within him" John Bunyan or not John Bunyan?

In the "Pilgrim's Progress" he gives, after an interval of some twelve years, a further view of them. Bunyan used italics rather freely in the books he saw through the press, but printers have removed them too often with his vagaries of spelling and other things, such as the fact that the lock of the outer gate of Doubting Castle "went damnable hard." It is worth while to use an edition like that of the "Cambridge English Classics" to see how near one can get to Bunyan's mind. Accordingly, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, we find a whole paragraph italicized, in which Bunyan says that he saw how fiends stepped up behind poor Christian and whispered many grievous blasphemies into his ear, and Christian imagined they were his own thoughts, and "was more put to it" than in any former trouble; and yet it was not his doing, for he did not see the fiends, and (naturally) did not think of stopping his ears.

It is clear that Bunyan wishes to convey his belief that a man is not responsible for all that comes into his head, and holds that thoughts are in their way independent things. A similar view—or something like it—is implied in the phrase attributed to Luther, to the effect that certain words or thoughts have "hands and feet"—they can lay hold of a man and carry him away in a direction which is theirs and not his. For it is strange how

when once a thought is formed in words, or imagined into a picture, it dominates the mind in which it rose as easily as it may one to which it is suggested.

This is observable; the ancients saw it and had a simple psychology to account for it, attributing the acts and words of a man, possessed (the very English word suggests what is coming) by anger, or love (as by wine), not to himself, but to a spirit, a daemon, or a god, or "something not himself." Luther, further, in this matter says, and it is a comforting reflection, that a man cannot help a bird flying over his head, but he can stop it from building its nest in his hair. The thought may be independent enough, but there are limits to its independence; you come in with rights and powers of your own against your own thought.

This feeling that one's thoughts are another's, that they come from without—of what kind of mind is it the mark? Good thoughts or bad they may be. Plato suggests after his curious fashion—playful, ironical, serious, which is he?—that poetry comes to a man in this way; a man who "approaches the gates of the Muses without madness," sober and in possession of his own mind, will not produce great poetry; he will be eclipsed by the "madman," and madness means another mind from without. Philo, four hundred years later than Plato, a contemporary of Paul's, records the same sort of experience; sometimes he "saw clearly" what to say, but "the womb of his soul was closed"; while at other times he "came empty and suddenly was full, as thoughts were imperceptibly sowed and snowed upon him from above," and as if divinely possessed and "sorybantic" he wrote, forgetful of self, place, and writing itself. One feels that it is the vivid thought that startles a man which he thus attributes to another mind without him; and one

wonders whether it is not after all very often a better type of human brain that has this belief, or fancy, or whatever it is—that has, at all events, the experience that gives rise to it, fancy or belief. It often goes with a certain quickness and sureness of perception, an almost painfully intense realization of the thing in the very colors and movements of life.

As one reads St. Paul's epistles, one feels that his thinking is done—achieves itself—in some such way. The extraordinary quickness of it is noticeable in the strange and flashing tangents at which he moves. Had he, for example, been careless of the feelings of his friends at Corinth, who hoped he would come again? "No, he had not been a Yes-and-No man—as God is faithful, our word to you is not Yes-and-No; the Son of God, Christ Jesus, preached among you by us, was not Yes-and-No, but Yes was in Him"; and Paul is flung off on the now familiar thought that in Christ is the Yes of God's promises. This is tangent-thinking indeed. Another of his most famous passages will occur to the reader—at the end of Galatians—a very characteristic piece. The amanuensis lays down the pen; Paul takes it, writes a few large letters in his own hand—"God forbid that I should glory saye in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world." Celsus says in the second century that every Christian of every school quoted this text—and it was written, one might say, by accident.

There is again to be noted the intensity with which he thinks and sees. One conceives he was a man of passionate friendships—liable to feel solitude peculiarly. He has "no rest for his spirit" in the Troad, "though a door is opened in the Lord," for want of Titus; and he goes to Macedonia and finds him—"thank God who always

maketh us to triumph in Christ"; and a little further on, two chapters are full of "the presence of Titus" and the comfort of his presence, and Paul's joy in the "joy of Titus." One wonders, sometimes, if the Epistles to Timothy and Titus are not in their present form to be reckoned Pauline. What an artist it was who got so much of Paul's ways of mind worked into them, unless he had a basis of real Pauline writing to work on! "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica; Crescens has gone to Galatia, Titus to Dalmatia; only Luke is with me." Or again, take the passage, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh, who are Israelites." What does such writing mean? What sort of nature does it imply? What intensity of quick feeling, realization, imagination!

A reference to a Greek concordance displays a curious trait of Paul's mind in the frequent use he makes of the verb *perissaeo*, of the adverbs and adjectives, &c. belonging to it, and of the forms heightened with the prepositions *hyper* and *ec*. This sounds perhaps a little technical, but there the words are. When he is overburdened, it is "to hyperbole beyond strength"; and when he knows the grace of God it "abounds" and "exceedingly abounds," and God does "exceedingly abundantly above all that we can ask or think." What does it mean? Paul uses superlatives, some say—loves a heightened form of expression; and they add—it is a pity to exaggerate. But does he? Is he one of our friends who say "awfully" when they mean "rather"? Do such people ever see things in their startling truth as Paul does? Shall we tell Wordsworth that "the sounding cataract" did not "haunt him like a passion"—he merely "rather liked" it? But it is not merely from "rather liking" that poetry

comes, but from the intense realization of value that to some seems superlative and exaggerative. If a thing is to be known, it must surely be in all its richness of meaning and abundance of suggestion. Paul does not see too much; it is his critics who see too little. Things "mean intensely" to him, in Browning's phrase. This is why his system and his theology are so hard to fix. Like Plato, he keeps on realizing fresh things, and old things over again in a fresh way.

Curiously, he twice lets fall a hint as to his thoughts and their independent ways. He speaks of the warfare of the soul—bringing down calculations or imaginations (A.V.), and "taking captive every thought into obedience of Christ." The campaign which a man may have to carry on against his own thoughts, whether "masterless hell-hounds" or the products of his own mind, is familiar to many beside John Bunyan. To subdue them is no easy task. Paul, however, speaks of the union of prayer and thanksgiving as the antidote of care; and then, he says, "the peace of God which passes all understanding will keep your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." The natural translation brings out a suggestion of thoughts and their need of

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control and keeping, and it lends force to the statement that the "peace of God" can keep what man finds so hard to master.

Paul, again, has constantly the feeling that his guidance comes from without. Luke, who knew him well, catches this point and brings it out at once in the narrative of the conversion. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" asks Paul. "Go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." It is a curious picture of a life's work, carried through in dependence upon repeated guidance and fresh instructions. All through the Acts this is emphasized, and Paul in his own writings lays stress on the fact that he is a servant under the necessity of obedience—"necessity is laid upon him"; he is the "slave" of Christ Jesus, he says at the beginning of these epistles and elsewhere; and the word "Lord," as associated with Jesus, is a favorite with him. He is solitary and defenceless, "but the Lord stood with me and strengthened me." Guidance never fails to come, and strength is always given, not stintedly but in abundance. It is his clear sense of the immensity of his task that enables him to realize the still greater force that is behind him and within him.

LITTLE CONVERSATIONS.

One of the accusations which the older generation is in the habit of bringing against the younger is that the art of conversation is being allowed to die out in England, owing to the fact that the youth of to-day is unable to express itself clearly. After a careful study of the subject we have come to the conclusion that our elders are (as usual) unduly pessimistic. The dialogues below, selected at random from

those in which an average man might participate in the course of a single day (a Monday, for example), seem to show that even in this hustling age numerous opportunities are seized for the free interchange of thought.

I.—WITH AN EARLY-MORNING CALLER.

"Your hot-water, Sir."

"Honk."

"It's eight o'clock, Sir."

"Honk."

II.—WITH A TICKET COLLECTOR.

"But do I *look* like a man who would travel without a ticket?"

"Can't help that, Sir."

"Neither could I—it's the way I was born, I suppose . . . I've told you why I can't give you my ticket. It was a week-end one, and the return half is in a waistcoat pocket at the bottom of my bag. A thing that might happen to anybody."

"Must have a ticket."

"Well, what do you want me to do? I can't undress my bag on a public platform; it's very indelicate of you to suggest such a thing."

"You might feel in your pockets again."

"But I tell you I had a different waistcoat on when I went down on Saturday. If you would only bring your brain to bear on the subject you would remember that it was a much colder day, and naturally I was wearing something with flannel at the back. To-day being quite hot . . . Oh, here it is in the ticket pocket of my coat. No, don't apologize."

III.—WITH A TAXICABMAN.

"Have you change for a shilling?"

"No."

"Then I shall have to give you eightpence."

"'Ow much do you want?"

"Fourpence."

"Look 'ere, are you trying to be funny?"

"Not just now. I will try if you like. We'll both try."

"If I start making *you* look funny, my lord, you'll be sorry I began."

"Enough. Here is your fare—eightpence, and because you mistook me for a peer, which I am not, here is another penny for a bar of chocolate. Good morning."

IV.—WITH A "KROMESKI A LA RUSSE."

"Well, I'll try another bite if you like; but I wish I knew who you were. Why

this impenetrable secrecy? Tell me of your past life in Russia—how did you spend your days before they shot you? Did you float lazily over the gleaming minarets of Moscow, or did you gallop madly along the wild steppes of Siberia? Or were you a fish? Be open with me; I am your friend. . . . Ah, now I remember you. Sir, you're an impostor. You've never been in Russia in your life. We have met before; you were in mufti then, and I knew you for the common rissole that you are. Waiter! lead this away and bring me some cheese."

V.—WITH A POLICEMAN.

"Name and address, if you please, Sir."

"Hang it all, I was barely moving."

"A furlong in eleven seconds *and* a fifth, Sir."

"Look here, you can't expect me to work that out. How much an hour does it come to?"

"About forty miles."

"Oh, well, there you are: now you've given yourself away. I can *prove* you're wrong. Because this car can't go more than fifteen miles an hour. I've had it specially tested."

"P'raps it's hungry or something to-day, Sir. Eleven seconds *and* a fifth."

"Yes, *that* part may be all right, but you've probably worked the sum out wrong; getting furlongs into miles is very tricky work. I quite understand because, I was never any good at algebra and things myself. Rather lucky my spotting the mistake, though. If I hadn't had the car specially—"

"Hurry up, Sir, please. I can't stand here all day."

"But aren't I *telling* you that she *can't* go more than fifteen miles? She did *once* do twenty, but that was down River Hill when the brakes wouldn't work."

"Name?"

"Oh, well, if you *will* take this high-

handed line. . . . But I warn you, I shall probably write to *The Times* about it."

VI.—WITH A LAWN-TENNIS PARTNER.

"Yours! . . . Sorry!"

"Sorry! I thought——"

"Mine! . . . Sorry!"

"Sorry!"

"Oh, I *am* sorry!" . . .

"*Awfully* sorry!" . . .

"Really, partner, I'm ashamed——"

"Oh, but I'm just as bad." . . .

{ "Oh, sorry!"

{ "Oh, sorry!"

VII.—WITH "H.B.R."

"Good-bye. I've never enjoyed myself so much."

"You must come again."

"I should love to. What about to-morrow?"

"Oh! . . . I'm afraid we shall be out to-morrow."

"Well, then, Wednesday and Thursday and Friday and Saturday and Punch."

Sunday and Monday and Tuesday."

"You see . . . I'm not sure . . . we *may* be going away."

"Then what about the week after?"

"Oh! . . . It's like this—it's just possible we're going *abroad*. . . . Perhaps I'd better write to you."

"I only wish you would!"

VIII.—WITH A CONSCIENCE.

"Well, we've had another jolly day."

"H'm! You managed to make a young fool of yourself once or twice."

"You always say that."

"And why don't you take life more seriously? How have you helped your country to-day?"

"Oh, *shut* up! I want to go to sleep."

"Are you awake?"

"Well?"

"I've just remembered—my country will get five pounds out of me for furious driving. . . . *That's* a nasty one for you!"

"Oh! Good night."

A. A. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

H. R. Hall's "Days Before History" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) is an attempt to make prehistoric times real to young readers by telling the story of a boy hero who lived with his people in burrows dug out of the ground, dressed in skins and hunted and fished and waged war on occasion. It is a somewhat daring but measurably successful attempt; and boy readers who follow the fortunes of young "Tig" will learn something of far-off times and conditions. There are numerous illustrations,—the work of A. M. Randall.

Mr. Charles Pierce Burton's third book about the boys who know Bob's Hill is called "The Bob's Hill Braves," and takes five of the boys to entirely

new scenes, a thousand miles from the Hill. The early history of Illinois, the famous sites, and the physical formation so novel to Massachusetts boys are the substance of the story; the ornaments are a cave adventure, the finding of a pearl, an encounter with a tramp, a life-saving episode in which the braves quit themselves like men, fishing, and a few days apprenticeship to agriculture, which means weeding onions. The boys are no older in behavior than their years justify and are innocent, pleasant, harmless companions for any youngster. Henry Holt & Co.

Prof. John Harrington Cox's "Knighthood in Germ and Flower" brings to-

gether the stories of Beowulf and Sir Gawain, dividing each into four parts, all newly translated from original sources. The narratives have been carefully tested both by oral experiment and in printed form, and have been found pleasing to children; and it has been proved beyond a peradventure that small republicans can detect the difference between the rugged bravery of the early days and the ornate valor of the later time. The eight pictures added to the story are useful aids to the fancy, and in this pageant-loving period will interest both boys and girls. The book is written in a straightforward, dignified style happily tending to the adoption of higher standards than that of the yellow newspaper and the advertising boards. Little, Brown & Co.

Like many other contemporary English novelists, Mr. Phillips Oppenheim is at his best when he heightens the flavor of his stories by a dash of patriotism, but he is too judicious to permit himself to drop into monotony, and his latest book, "The Lost Ambassador" is concerned with Brazilian matters, and Brazil, it is to be feared, counts for little more than Zenda or Graustark with ordinary novel-readers. This gives the author the advantage of being able to make his Brazilians anything he pleases, and he makes them the object of a clever French waiter's machinations. The English hero and the heroine escape in triumph and the reader is left perfectly content, although the number of apparent suicides preceding the happy event is rather large. "The Lost Ambassador" is as absorbing and as puzzling as the most exacting critic of Mr. Oppenheim could desire. Little, Brown & Co.

"The Man and the Dragon," Mr. Alexander Otis's new book, is the modern version of Bevis of Hampton, the

story of the man who goes out to conquer a monster, whose hugeness is taken for granted, but whose other attributes may be those of any corporation from a button company to a city government. Mr. Otis's dragon is a railway company with a banker for its brains, and his hero an editor who loves the banker's daughter and makes her his ally in the fight for her hand. It is a very good fight, with a reasonable number of dramatic incidents and some very lively scenes, and the political passages could be paralleled in more than one city. It is perhaps hardly to be hoped that voters so ignorant as not to know whether or not a franchise fight is going on in their own cities will read the book, but their wives will not neglect it, for every woman who reads it will talk of it and every woman who listens to talk of a tale of true love, ends by reading it for herself. Little, Brown & Co.

The clash between two generations equally ignorant of one another and both little capable of change is the subject of Miss Winifred Kirkland's "The Home Comers," and a very good mixture of domestic comedy and domestic tragedy it is. The heroine, an extremely self-willed, perfectly unselfish and winning grandmother, having inherited three thousand dollars immediately summons her four orphan grandchildren all more or less comfortably established with other members of the family, to come to her for a home and an education. They willingly obey, and the discovery of the actual size of the supposed great fortune, and the life of the country home so shock and astonish them that years are required for their adjustment to their new surroundings. In the end, they are made to behave almost unnaturally well, and the innocent old dame whose fancy has wrought all their trouble and final happiness is left perfectly con-

tented. The story must be taken as a romance of grandmotherly affection. Houghton Mifflin Company.

The writers of fiction would almost seem, judging by their course during the last few months, to have recently discovered that not only does the evil-doer often escape immediate punishment, but sometimes goes free altogether, emerging triumphant and almost crowing from the ruin wrought by himself; and the result is a group of books impressing one as stage spectacles, or puppet-shows, having no effect of reality, but superficially amusing. One wonders which way the little creatures will next be swayed or twisted, and is content. It is among these books that Mr. John Reed Scott's "The Impostor" must be classed, for its central character richly deserves hanging under the law of his day, and receives nothing worse than the matrimonial noose, and a title of nobility. He borrows a dead man's name and knight-hood, to make his way in Lord Baltimore's colony of Maryland, deceives all the colonists but one, an acquaintance of the true knight, and is left betrothed to the prettiest of girls and endowed with an earl's coronet; but the author keeps his readers agreeably uncertain as to what is coming next, and they have no quarrel with him. J. B. Lippincott Company.

The title of Mr. Montrose J. Moses' "The Literature of the South" arouses hopes not quite fulfilled, either in the matter of criticism, or in indicating the relation of the political history and the literary product of the five periods into which the author divides his book, the Colonial, Revolutionary, Ante Bellum, Civil War, and New South periods. The third occupies the largest space, but even that is inadequate, especially for the instruction of the Northern reader. From 1830 to 1860 the exist-

ence of slavery and of the abolition movement made a Chinese wall between the North and South, so that everything written on either side was more or less misunderstood by the other, and the effects of that time of separation are still felt. Again in the New South period, many Southern authors whose influence in the North has been profound are dismissed with a line, or not even mentioned. Still it is impossible for such a book, written by a Southerner, not to be instructive to the ordinary Northern reader and Mr. Moses' should not be neglected because all that one desires is not to be found in his pages. His tone is temperate and judicious and when he enters upon elaborate criticism he is worthy of close and respectful attention. The book is illustrated by sixteen good portraits. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Recent volumes of fiction and travel have made some parts of India almost as familiar to Americans as Europe, but Dr. Winifred Heston's "A Bluestocking in India," describing the country from the point of view of an American medical missionary, will be nearly as novel to them as if they had never read a line about it. The story is written in the first person, and it pleases the "blue-stocking" to present herself as narrow-minded and provincial in small matters, although devoted to her work, and literally willing to die for those to whom she ministers. Plague, cholera, fever, fanaticism, distrust and ingratitude do not repel her, and she toils on, growing weaker but never less resolved until absolutely ordered home. Then he comes, the *he* unexpected by her or by the reader, and the tale ends, leaving her with a prospect of well-earned happiness. In the course of the tale Pandita Ramabhai, certain well-known enlightened Indian Princes, and a few English missionaries are encountered,

but next to none of the English engaged in the government of the country. Dr. Heston is not to be deceived by the plausible sentimental Hindu babbling of national feeling, meaning thereby Hindu hatred of the Mohammedan and Christian, and her opinions on the subject of English occupation are those of an English Unionist. Fleming H. Revell & Co.

All translations of Homer are interesting, especially those which attempt the hexameter, and Mr. Prentiss Cummings's "The Iliad of Homer" is made even more interesting by a preface in which he explains his theory as to the authorship of the Iliad and his reasons for using the hexameter. He detects three bards, the first the poet who sings the wrath of Achilles and the steps by which he advanced to the slaying of Hector, and the second, a poet who made additions showing the woes of the Trojans, though he admits the possibility that these two may be the same man at different periods of his life, and a third, whose hand accounts for certain passages apparently interpolated. On the question of the fitness of the English hexameter to express the Greek he writes at considerable length and gives illuminating examples of his principles, addressing himself less to profound scholars than to the ordinary reader, for whose benefit he descends to such particulars as the difference between syllables long in quantity and long in sound. In the score or so of passages to which one turns before reading Mr. Cummings's two volumes in course, one finds careful and often very felicitous rendering, and almost invariable good taste. To the captious, disinclined to believe in the possibility of hexametrical translation, Book VIII may be especially recommended. Such work as this, a twenty-years task, is refreshing to meet. Little Brown & Co.

Mr. George A. Torrey's "A Lawyer's Recollections" is one of those cheerful little chronicles which do not scorn to descend to trifles, and so have real value for the historian. The first third of the book records certain customs and practices in central Massachusetts and at Harvard between 1838 and 1861, a period in which the abolition of slavery so obscured minor details of New England life and thought that it receives both the credit and the discredit of many changes in Northern ways and manners really attributable to other causes. Mr. Torrey's pleasant, rambling little story tacitly corrects this impression, although it explains a hitherto unprobed mystery connected with the Anthony Burns affair. Country practice, and superior and supreme court practice are the subjects of the major part of the book, and they are treated in the anecdotal manner in which lawyers seem to delight and certainly excel. Indeed, a better collection of good stories is seldom found, and as the speakers and actors who figure in these are mostly men of mark, it is fortunate that they are here preserved. American humor has been so metamorphosed since it became self-conscious, that it is good to have a small repository of it quite free from the doubtful grace of bad spelling, and from the coarseness introduced by certain newspapers, and fostered by the writers of inferior plays. In their tone and spirit these stories are contemporary with Parker's "Reminiscences of Rufus Choate," and testify to the survival of a mental and social element so quiet that its existence amid the brawlings of less agreeable constituents of society is seldom felt. Little, Brown & Co.

In New England, "family" means almost any group of persons living together under one roof, or any group of kindred separated by mountains and

seas, but in Miss Alice Brown's "John Winterbourne's Family," the word is applied to an aggregation collected by Mr. Winterbourne in a casual way, and at various periods. First is his wife: he married her, but they separated and he retired to dwell with peace and Theocritus in the home of his ancestors. Then there is Celia: she was adopted. Then there is Bess, Celia's sister: Celia discovered her, and added her to the family, and she constitutes herself its very efficient maid-of-all work, although she has a singing-voice by which she might achieve fame and fortune: then there are the five Ramsay children, and their mother, and an aged and eccentric domestic, and the entire company are what rural New England calls "unaccountables." Winterbourne himself, possessed by whims, is odd beyond credibility, but his wife is a perfect specimen of the exasperating modern woman who attracts the terminologies of a dozen sciences, assimilating them no more than a magnet assimilates steel filings, and shedding them indiscriminately on any subject against which she happens to counter, and her adopted daughter is almost as good a specimen of the girl who regards herself as a work of art, and attempts to perfect herself at the general expense of her fellow creatures. They two escape better than they deserve, and the tale ends in such happiness as seems hardly possible for a group of characters so odd and misshapen. The plot is ingenious, and a charming episode of a deaf man's recovery of his hearing introduces an original note sufficient in itself to distinguish the book. Houghton Mifflin Company. .

Mr. H. F. B. Wheeler's "The Boys' Napoleon" is no nursery book, but such a work as a boy of decently robust

mind prefers, written in words presupposing his knowledge of the tongue of Washington, Jackson and Grant, and introducing passages from the gravest historians, and also almost a score of famous pictures of a kind unintelligible to a nursery darling, but sure to heighten the pleasure of the boys to whom the text is adapted. Both the popular and the instructed view of Napoleon has changed since the days when Dr. J. S. C. Abbott wrote his pleasant glorification of the Corsican. The publication of memoirs shrewdly reserved for a time by their writers, and of others forgotten and fortunately discovered; and the researches possible since the fall of the Empire and vigorously pursued, have made a new heaven and a new earth for the France of history, and Napoleon stands on different ground and in another light. Dispute in regard to every point of his career still rages, but to write a history presenting him to boys as a model is impossible. Mr. Wheeler writes with perfect impartiality, making the most of the good qualities of the youth Napoleon but not concealing what manner of man he became after he had tasted the sweets of gratified ambition, and not waxing sentimental over the days at St. Helena. If he fails in any point, it is in not quite doing justice to Napoleon's astute demagoguery, the quality which made him arrange his life as a stage manager arranges the presentation of a play. No quality could be more hateful to a boy, and knowing that it characterized Napoleon, a boy could understand why Mr. Wheeler quotes "Only the ashes of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust," above the sarcophagus given to France by a Russian for the ashes permitted by British magnanimity to lie in the land for which Napoleon fought. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

